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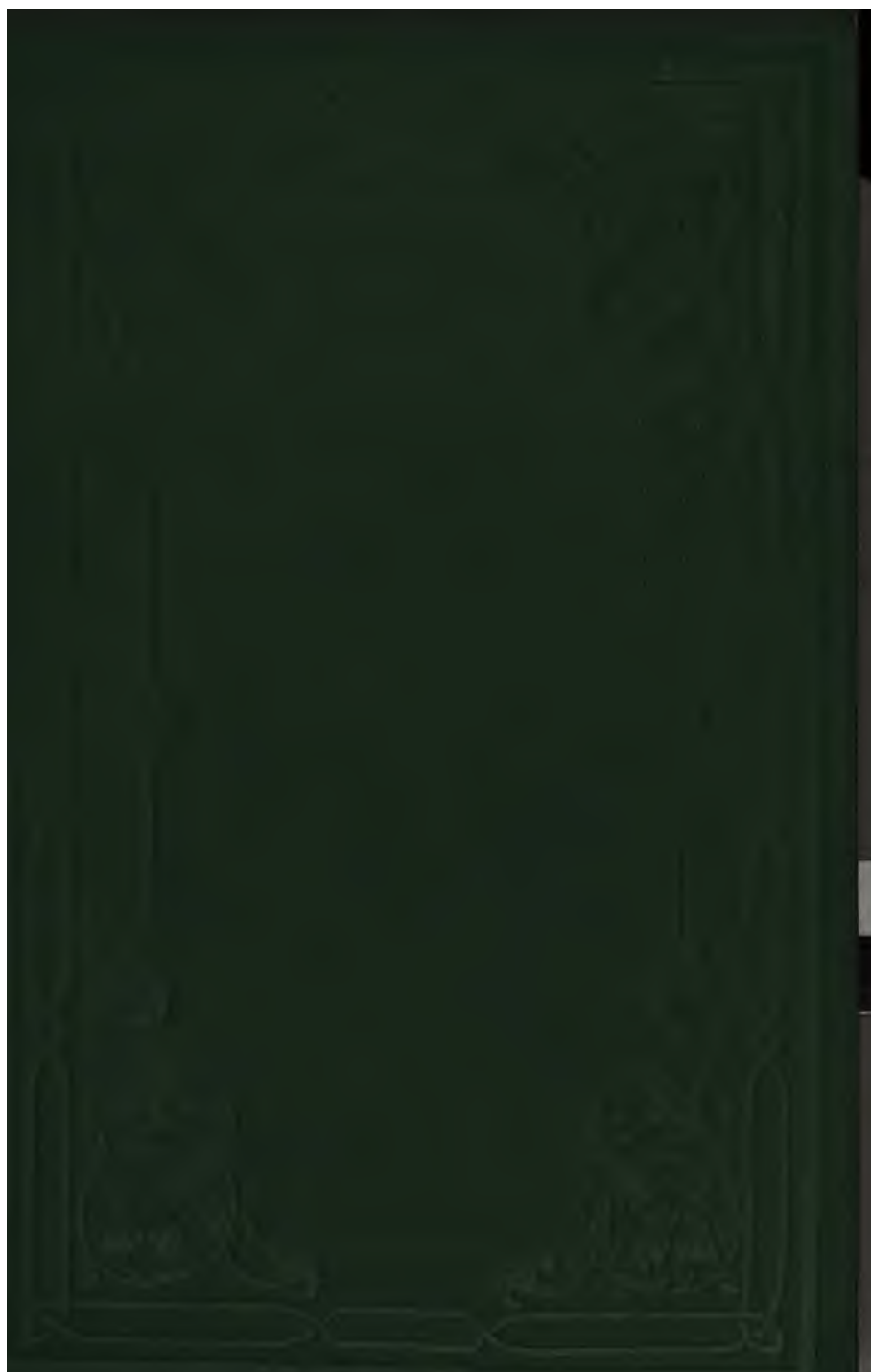
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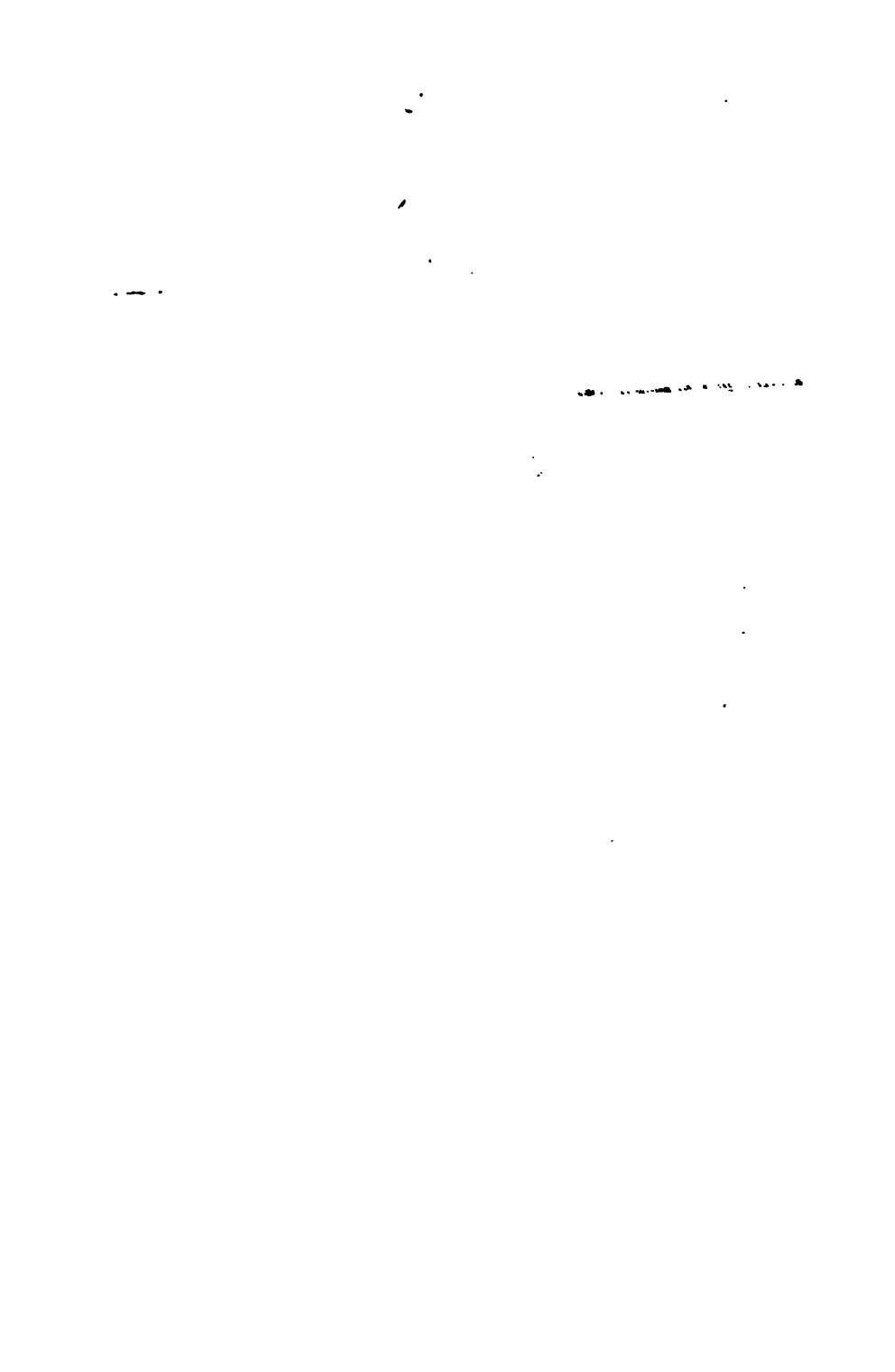
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S O N G S  
OF THE  
RISING NATION:

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY  
ELLEN FORRESTER  
AND HER SON  
ARTHUR M. FORRESTER.



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## DEDICATION.



To the Most Noble Lady, the most generous woman in the world!—to her whose charity soothed the last hours of the martyrs, ALLEN, LARKIN, and O'BRIEN; whose bounty was the first to succour the bereaved families;—to her at whose dear name hundreds of thousands of Irish hearts, on both sides of the Atlantic, thrill with emotions of gratitude, admiration, and love!

TO

Caroline, Marchioness of Queensberry,

THIS LITTLE BOOK IS DEDICATED.

Could all the men and women and little children who have been saved from destitution by her charity, consoled and strengthened by her sympathy and tender compassion—could they all speak in these pages, then, oh, my countrymen, what a book this would be!

Remembering all the instances of this saintly Lady's goodness as I do remember, my heart grows full, and my eyes too, and I can write no more!

May God for ever bless THE MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY!

ELLEN FORRESTER.

MANCHESTER, *March 8, 1869.*



# CONTENTS.

---

SUMMER NIGHTS' MUSINGS—	PAGE
Part First, . . . . .	1
Part Second—Friends Across the Sea, . . . . .	4
Part Third—First Love, . . . . .	5
An Irishwoman's Recollections of the "Old Land," . . . . .	6
May, . . . . .	8
The Old Lane : From an Old Man to his Old Friend, . . . . .	10
The Outcast's Return, . . . . .	12
Sunshine in the Cell, . . . . .	16
The Irish Widow's Message to her Son in America, . . . . .	19
The Answer Back, . . . . .	21
May-Flowers, . . . . .	23
The Merry March Wind, . . . . .	25
The Old House Far Away, . . . . .	27
The Old Man to his Wife, . . . . .	29
'Twas Better to Bid him Farewell, . . . . .	30
My Mother's Spinning-Wheel, . . . . .	32
The Irish Mother at her Child's Grave, . . . . .	34
An Irish Beauty, . . . . .	36
The Bird and the Hawthorn, . . . . .	37
Sweetheart, I always Think of Thee, . . . . .	40
The Grey Mare ; or, Denis Malone's Ride to the Fair, . . . . .	42
Don't Forget me, Mary, Dear, . . . . .	44
The Outlaw, . . . . .	46
Beautiful Spring, . . . . .	47
Jessie's Keepsake, . . . . .	49
Emily Grey, . . . . .	52
To Ireland, . . . . .	53
The Mother's Warning, . . . . .	56



	PAGE
Mavourneen Acushla Machree, . . . . .	58
Since Charley Went Away, . . . . .	60
The Rose and the Zephyr: a Little Story for Young Maidens,	62
Welcome to the Robin, . . . . .	64
I do not Love Him: an Old Maid's Answer to a Young Maid's Question, . . . . .	66
God Help the Poor! . . . . .	68
Our Little Kate, . . . . .	70
Poor Margaret Adair, . . . . .	71
The May-Dew, . . . . .	72
The Last Parting, . . . . .	73
Childhood's Happy Days, . . . . .	74
The Mourner, . . . . .	77
The Last Flower, . . . . .	80
Little Willie Grey, . . . . .	81
To my Cousin in Australia, . . . . .	84
Whispers Across the Sea, . . . . .	86
He'll Never Come Again, . . . . .	88
The Catholic Poor of Salford on the Recent Severe and Dan- gerous Illness of their Beloved Pastor, the Rev. A. J. De C——, . . . . .	90
Take it Easy! . . . . .	93
Faith and Resignation, . . . . .	95
Do I Remember Thee? . . . . .	97
The Dying Birch Leaf, . . . . .	99
The Songs of Long Ago, . . . . .	101
Winter in Earnest! . . . . .	103
Moonlight, . . . . .	104
The Duster and the Pail, . . . . .	106
To an Editor, . . . . .	108
The Trysting Thorn, . . . . .	110
Will my Darling Meet me There? . . . . .	111
I Sat Last Night 'Neath our Favourite Tree, . . . . .	112
A Letter from Home, . . . . .	113
The Discontented Tree, . . . . .	115
Waiting for Me! . . . . .	117
Kathleen O'Hare, . . . . .	119
Sisterly Sympathy, . . . . .	121
Where are the Birds and Flowers? . . . . .	123
Meet me by the Abbey Wall, . . . . .	125
October, . . . . .	127

## BATTLE BALLADS, &amp;c.

	PAGE
Dedication, . . . . .	131
Green Innisfail, . . . . .	133
The Irish Brigade, . . . . .	135
Rapparee Song, . . . . .	137
O'Neill's Address to his Army, . . . . .	138
Our Land shall be Free (1798), . . . . .	140
The Prince and the People, . . . . .	142
Our Flag Waves Triumphantly Still: Song of the Irish Brigade, . . . . .	144
Erin Machree (1798), . . . . .	146
An Exile's Last Letter, . . . . .	148
Irish Battle Song, . . . . .	150
Oh, say, has the Spirit of Liberty Fled? . . . . .	152
The Land of the West: an Old Man's Thoughts of Ireland, . . . . .	153
The Felons of our Land, . . . . .	155
The Sisters, . . . . .	157
Remember Allen! . . . . .	160
The Exile, . . . . .	161
A Ridgeway Lyric: Supposed to be sung by one of the excited Raiders, . . . . .	163
For Fatherland Unite! . . . . .	166
The Grave of the Martyrs, . . . . .	168
The Banner of Green, . . . . .	169
Irish Privateer's Song, . . . . .	170
The Flag of our Land, . . . . .	172
Hurrah for Liberty! . . . . .	174
The Convict's Dream, . . . . .	176
The Place to Die, . . . . .	184
The Girls of Erin's Isle, . . . . .	186
Across the Sea, . . . . .	188
Erin, my Country! . . . . .	189
We'll Lift the Flag of Green, . . . . .	191
Sonnet, . . . . .	193
The Messenger: November 23, 1867, . . . . .	194
Calcraft and Price: a Lyric for Loyalists, . . . . .	197
A Song of the Times, . . . . .	199
The Philosopher, the Poet, and the Patriot, . . . . .	202
An Address to the Poles, . . . . .	205

	PAGE
Right and Might, . . . . .	206
The Three Knights, . . . . .	207
The Music of a Sigh, . . . . .	209
The Impregnable Fortress, . . . . .	210
When shall we Meet Again? . . . . .	211
Melancholy, . . . . .	212

#### TEMPERANCE LAYS—

Down with the Drink! . . . . .	213
The Bridge of Life: a Dream, . . . . .	215
Morning and Night, . . . . .	218
The Drunkard's Death, . . . . .	220
The Dying Child, . . . . .	225
One Bottle More! . . . . .	228
The Drunkard's Dream, . . . . .	230
Water, . . . . .	232
A Midnight Ramble, . . . . .	234
My Colleen Bawn, . . . . .	237
My Childhood's Home, . . . . .	239
The Rebel's Child, . . . . .	241
Ma Colleen Dhu! . . . . .	244
Nellie Machree, . . . . .	246
An Exile's Thoughts, . . . . .	248



# Songs of the Rising Nation.

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## SUMMER NIGHTS' MUSINGS.

### PART FIRST.

---

**I** MEAN to write—I've said so many a time,  
But now in right good earnest I'll begin :  
Oh! now, for happy thoughts, and flowing rhyme,  
And hope, and energy, and wit to win  
A little place in print for my poor name—  
The tiniest step up the high hill of fame!

And what shall be the subject of my rhyme?  
Love? No. The theme is old and melancholy.  
There was a time—aye, once upon a time,  
I've had my fits of sentimental folly ;  
But one grows wiser, sure, as one grows older—  
The head grows steadier as the heart grows colder.

While younger muses sing of cupid's darts,  
I like to listen to their gentle cooing ;  
Sigh when they weep, weep o'er their broken hearts,  
Muse on the various ways of various wooing,  
And moralise, and sympathise, and then  
Wind-up by wishing I were young again.

Ah! young, or middle-aged, or old—what then?  
Love is the same bright ignis-fatuus ever  
That plays the mischief with the hearts of men,  
And women too, dark-hair'd or grey. There never  
Can come a time when that delusive light  
Shall lose its charm to lure—its power to blight.

Old land of mine! say, shall I sing thy wrongs?  
Alas! what need? doth not thy misery  
Breathe in the murmurs of a thousand songs  
A ceaseless flood of mournful melody?  
While nobler muses tell the grievous tale,  
Mine can but weep the woes of Innisfail!

Religion!—but my pen's not smooth enough;  
It could not treat the subject as it ought.  
'Tis an old crabbed pen, rusty and rough,  
And stops, and trips at every pretty thought,  
And slurs this word, and sputters that—and so,  
Religion must not be my subject. No!

And yet—and yet I do remember well,  
There was a time, Religion, when thy power,  
Like balm from heaven, upon my spirit fell  
Benign! ineffable! Oh, for an hour  
Of that sweet past! Oh, for a single beam  
Of that blest light! Or was that, too, a dream?

The dearest things of life have been to me  
But shadows. Love, truth, friendship, what were they?  
All dreams, as fair and bright as dreams could be,  
Till life's dark current washed them all away:  
One, after one, they went, till all were gone,  
And I stood weeping, in the dark, alone!

Alone! Oh, direst word that ever fell  
From sorrowing lips, when the crushed heart is sore.  
Alone! Even as I write, a mournful swell  
Of feeling rushes o'er my soul once more.  
Alone! Alone! Ding-dong, the funeral knell,  
Of all the poor heart holds the dearest. Well!

I think I'll try a sonnet to the moon—  
'Tis such a sweet theme for an amateur;  
And so on this first night of lovely June,  
• While falls her silvery light upon the floor—  
(It should be *flure* to rhyme; and here I make  
Humble apology for this mistake.)

And raising heavenward my enraptured gaze,  
I meet thy gentle face, fair queen of night!  
How fain would I break forth in wondering praise,  
And chaunt the beauties of thy mystic light,  
But nature's eyes are veiled in soft repose,  
And, sympathetic, mine begin to close.

And my poor muse, with limp, and weary wing,  
And drooping eye, presents so sad a plight,  
That I, in pity for the feeble thing,  
Declare her little song is ended quite.  
Song! did I say? She has'nt learn't to sing,  
'Twas but a trill or two of pure delight,  
To think she had a voice at all. Good night!



## SUMMER NIGHTS' MUSINGS.

## PART SECOND.

---

Friends Across the Sea.

---

DEEP is the hush of the sweet summer night,  
The dark hills slumber in a soft repose ;  
The river glitters 'neath the moonbeams white,  
The dewdrop trembles on the folded rose,—  
Fair moon ! sweet stars ! that softly smile on me,  
Oh, smile upon my friends across the sea.

The balmy summer breeze around me plays,  
And in a voice all tremulous and low,  
It seems to whisper me of other days,  
Sweet mournful stories of the "long ago,"—  
Oh, gentle breeze that whispereth so to me ;  
Go whisper to my friends across the sea.

Tell them that never can my heart forget  
My childhood's home, my kindred far away ;  
But that with fondest love, and sad regret,  
My spirit turns to them by night and day.  
Speed, speed thee swiftly o'er the moonlit sea,  
And tell my friends the words I've told to thee.

But should'st thou find them locked in slumber deep,  
Then blow thy softest,—let them slumber on ;  
Hover around them—kiss them as they sleep,—  
Breathe in their ears my name—and then begone.  
Then, gentle summer breeze, they'll dream of me,  
Their lonely wanderer far across the sea.

## SUMMER NIGHTS' MUSINGS.

## PART THIRD.

---

First Love.

---

**W**ELL I remember—tho' so many years  
Since then strange tales on memory's page  
have written—

Well I remember—and it but appears

As yesterday, when my young heart was smitten  
With that wild, wayward, sweet, sad, foolish fever,  
That leaves its record on the heart for ever.

Then love sang to me from the shady bowers ;  
Love laughed upon me from the sunny skies ;  
Love breathed around me with the breath of flowers ;  
Love filled the air with music and with sighs ;  
Love still was lord of all—a star, a dream ;  
The brightest bubble on life's glittering stream.

And still the memory of "Love's young Dream,"  
Fresh—like a dewdrop on a withered flower—  
Clings to my heart through every changing scene ;  
A lone star shining in the darkest hour,  
Serene and steadfast, with unwavering ray,  
Though other lights have faded all away.

And, oh, methinks a heart there does not beat  
So void of all romance, so dull and cold,  
Whose inmost shrine contains no safe retreat,  
Where one dear image that can ne'er grow old  
May still repose, secure amid the strife  
Of warring passions, and the storms of life !



## SUMMER NIGHTS' MUSINGS.

---

An Irishwoman's Recollections of the "Old Land."

---

**R**EMEMBER a beautiful land far away,  
An Isle by the blue sea caressed ;  
And the fields are so green, and the mountains so grey,  
In that Isle far away in the West.

There rocks, grim and hoary, and rugged old hills,  
Still echo the peasant's sweet song ;  
And broad shining rivers, and murmuring rills,  
Go flashing and dancing along.

And many a weird grotto, and many a lone dell,  
Peep out from her emerald breast ;  
Ah, well may the fairies continue to dwell  
In that beautiful Isle in the West !

Oh, land ever lovely ! tho' many long years  
My feet have a stranger soil prest,  
Thy memory comes with a gush of fond tears—  
Sweet home of my youth in the West.

And often I dream I'm a bare-footed child,  
And sit at the old cabin door,  
With a head full of fancies, romantic and wild,  
And a warm heart with love brimming o'er.

In the glens, thro' the green tangled bushes I roam ;  
And, oh, I supremely am blest,  
As even in spirit again I'm at home,  
*At home in the beautiful West.*

Still, as life's troubled day to its close draweth nigh,  
Like some poor little bird to its rest,  
This heart, worn and weary, right gladly would fly,  
To its own darling Isle in the West.

Oh, Erin! the heart that has felt the deep spell  
Of thy beauty and witching romance,  
Can never content in the "stranger's" land dwell,  
Tossed about by the billows of chance!

Forever the souls of thy wanderers crave  
To return to the land they love best,  
That their wings may be folded at last in the grave  
In their own blessed Isle in the West.



## M A Y.

WITH a wreath of flowers  
On her forehead fair ;  
Drops from sunny showers  
Flashing in her hair ;  
Over mountains hoary,  
Over meadows gay,  
In her pride and glory,  
Comes the blooming May—  
Rosy, radiant May !  
In her pride and glory  
Comes the rosy May.

Pale-browed care and sadness  
At her presence fly ;  
Dulcet notes of gladness  
Echo thro' the sky ;  
Little children singing  
Meet her on her way,  
And the woods are ringing  
With the voice of May—  
Sweet, melodious May !  
Hark ! the woods are ringing,  
With the voice of May !

“ I am coming, coming ! ”  
Is the song she sings ;  
And the schoolboy, roaming  
Where the cowslip springs,

Hears soft footsteps falling  
Mid the blossoms gay,  
And low voices calling,  
“Welcome! merry May!”  
Blythesome, beauteous May!  
Elfin tongues are calling  
“Welcome! merry May!”

“I am coming, coming,”  
Over hill and dell,  
Where the bee is humming  
Round the heather-bell,  
Where the hawthorn singeth  
Perfume from each spray,  
And the sky-lark singeth  
“Welcome, welcome, May!”  
Fair, fresh, fragrant May!  
Blithe the sky-lark singeth  
Welcome to the May!

Meet her, pretty maiden;  
Meet her, happy youth;  
See! with treasures laden,  
From the sunny south,  
Over mountains hoary,  
Over meadows gay,  
In her pride and glory  
Comes the flower-crowned May!  
Blushing, smiling, May!  
In her pride and glory,  
Comes the flow’ry May!

## THE OLD LANE.

---

From an Old Man to his Old Friend.

---

**Y**OU remember the lane, Tom, the old crooked lane,  
With its hedges of blossoming thorn ;  
Where the little birds twittered, and chirped, and sang,  
From the first rosy blush of the morn ;  
And the grasshopper sounded his tiny horn—  
What a gay little fellow was he !—  
And the whispering leaves mingled their voices low  
With the soft drowsy hum of the bee.

'Twas a pleasant old lane ! 'twas a shady old lane,  
Where the earliest violets grew ;  
Where the trees twined their green arms above our heads,  
And would scarce let the sunshine come through :  
And even at noon we could shake the bright dew  
From the primroses, nestled away  
In the shadowy nooks of the thick-tangled hedge,  
Where so cool and secluded they lay.

You remember the seat at the curve of the lane,  
Just under the twisted ash tree ;  
To you, Tom, 'twas only a mossy old stone—  
'Twas a throne and an altar to me !  
And my queen and my idol was Bessy Magee,—  
I've a tress of her brown hair laid bye ;  
And often, aye often, old fool that I am,  
*I gaze on the relic and sigh !*

'Twas a lonesome old lane! 'twas a dreamy old lane!  
And they said it was haunted of yore—  
I forget all the ins and the outs of the tale,  
How for fifty long summers and more—  
But, no doubt, you remember our old country lore,  
And the tale of the “lady in white,”  
Who, for fifty years, “walked” in that quiet old lane,  
Through the long, lonely hours of the night!

The old lane has vanished—the ash tree—the hedge;  
And the “white lady” never is seen;  
Not a stick, nor a stone, nor a wee blade of grass,  
To tell where the old lane has been;  
Not a bud, not a leaf, nor a vestige of green,  
But the railway with rattle and roar;  
And the shrieking train bellows and thunders along,  
Where the little birds warbled of yore.

And often I sit on the brow of the hill,  
Looking down on the ruin beneath,  
Where the great iron horse, with his ponderous hoof,  
Has trampled fair nature to death;  
And the old times come back to my heart, like a breath  
From the past, and I wander again  
Where Bessy sits throned on the old mossy stone,  
And Tom, smiling gravely, goes sauntering on,  
By the hedge thro' the old crooked lane!



THE OUTCAST'S RETURN.

---

“ OH! the way is long and dreary  
That my feet have travelled o’er;  
And my limbs are stiff and weary—  
Mother! do not close the door.

“ Listen, how the wind is shrieking!  
See, the night is dark and wild!  
Oh! the very storm is speaking—  
Pleading for your wretched child!

“ One short night beneath the cover  
Of the old roof let me lie!  
*One short night—’twill soon be over—  
I have only come to die!*

“ Look upon the wreck before you—  
Once your cherished darling—Oh!  
Gentle mother, I implore you,  
Listen to my tale of woe.

“ Much of sin and much of sorrow  
I must tell this night to thee,  
For I feel that no to-morrow  
Ever more shall dawn on me.

“ Even now death’s icy fingers  
Clutch and tighten round my heart,  
And my spirit only lingers,  
*Trembling, fearful to depart.*

“Listen! ’Tis the old, old story,  
Of a weak girl’s sin and shame ;  
Of the lost—the blighted glory  
Of a once untarnished name.

“Mother, dear! don’t you remember  
When the hills were white with snow,  
In the dreary, cold December—  
Just one little year ago ?

“In that dark and stormy weather  
Came a stranger to our home ;  
Happy hours we spent together,  
Picturing happier days to come.

“Oh ! his tongue was soft and willing—  
Young in years, but old in art ;  
He, deceitful and beguiling,  
Won my too confiding heart.

“How he taught me to deceive you  
It were needless now to say ;  
Lured me on at last to leave you—  
Oh ! that black and bitter day !

“On, thro’ depths of sin and anguish,  
Still he led me day by day—  
Left me then at last to languish  
In a strange land far away.

“Poor, forlorn, despised, deserted ;  
Scorned or pitied by the throng ;  
Crushed, reviled, and broken-hearted,  
Still I dragged my life along.



“Till, one night, worn out with weeping,  
Slumber came to soothe my woe,  
And I dreamt that I was sleeping  
In the churchyard there below.

“By my father’s side reclining,  
With the trees above my head;  
And the summer sun was shining  
Down upon my narrow bed.

“And the grass was bending, swaying,  
Rustling in the summer breeze;  
And I heard the children playing  
In the shadow of the trees.

“And I heard your dear voice praying,  
Mother, as you knelt above;  
Heard the words that you were saying—  
Words of pity and of love!

“So I rose at early morning,  
And I’ve journeyed many a day;  
Are you vex’d at my returning?  
Am I welcome? mother, say!

“Oh! you turn away—you’re crying—  
I have pained your gentle heart;  
Ah! you know that I am dying!  
Then forgive me e’er we part.

“Say; oh, say that I’m forgiven!  
Take me to my little bed;  
Talk to me of God—of heaven!  
Lay your hand upon my head.

“Let me hear that fervent blessing,  
Breathed so oft in days gone bye ;  
Let me feel your arms caressing,  
Once again before I die !”



## SUNSHINE IN THE CELL.

**T**HROUGH the small grating how it forced its way ;  
Upon the prison wall how bright it shone ;  
In golden bars upon the floor it lay,  
And smiled "good-morrow" to the widow's son :  
It warmed his wasted cheek, and soft and bland,  
Kissed the pale brow that rested on his hand.

He almost wondered how to that sad place  
Came such a joyous visitant. Poor boy !  
And a wan smile crept o'er his weary face,  
As streaming round him, like a flood of joy,  
Of life, love, hope, the glorious sunshine fell—  
God's blessed sunshine—in the convict's cell !

Ah ! he was but a boy—and there he lay,  
Bathed in the light that gilt the prison floor  
And, as the tide of memory rolled away,  
Backward, still backward, on his heart once more  
Such tender yearning, fond home-thoughts arise,  
That tears come trembling to the young dark eyes.

"Mother !" and as he breathed the gentle name,  
It might have been a prayer—so soft and low,  
So full of sorrow and of love it came.

"Mother ! 'tis only one short year ago,  
Since we together hailed each radiant morn,  
And watched the sunshine on the ripening corn.

“To the white chapel, hidden in the trees,  
Our steps oft turned ; and, as we passed along,  
The bell’s sweet chimes came floating on the breeze,  
And mingled with the wild-bird’s rapturous song—  
The wild-bird’s song ! even now it comes to me,  
At night when cheating dreams have set me free.

“It was a pleasant path across the hill  
Where the thick hedge shut out the noontide heat.  
Does the wild rose hang o’er the pathway still ?  
Is the grass still as green beneath your feet ?  
Oh, God ! Oh, mother, darling ! Sure, I know,  
Not all the earth could cheat you of your woe.

“Still may the zephyr wave his odorous wing—  
The wild-flowers shower their perfume round your head ;  
Still ’neath your feet as green the grass may spring,  
But the heart’s verdure, mother, that is dead ;  
And the heart’s roses all their leaves have shed,  
And only cruel thorns remain instead.

“And I, your son, your own, your ‘wayward boy,’  
What are earth’s varied beauties now to me ?  
The summer with its music, light, and joy ;  
The breezy hill, the broad and flowery lea,  
What are they all to me ?—a scrap of sky,  
Is all that meets the lonely prisoner’s eye.

“A small, blue patch of sky !—or dark, or bright,  
With cloud or sunshine. It to me has grown  
A thing of beauty—to my longing sight,  
A dear familiar something, all mine own :  
The tablet where my busy fancy traces,  
Home’s scenes, and, dearer still, home’s loving faces.

“ *Your* face, my mother, comes to me to-day,  
So full of sorrow for your hapless child,  
That I—Oh, God !—that I would try to pray,  
But maddening thoughts, tumultuous and wild,  
Choke back the words that to my lips would leap,  
And I can only rave—can only weep !

“ Oh, shame ! the manhood dawning o’er my face  
Shrinks back abashed, at this weak, girlish shower ;  
I will be calm. I will not thus disgrace  
The spirit of my fathers. From this hour  
My heart is steel—steel to the very core—  
And, *tho’ it break*, these eyes shall weep no more.



## THE IRISH WIDOW'S MESSAGE TO HER SON IN AMERICA.

---

“REMEMBER, Dennis, all I bade you say,  
Tell him we're well, and happy—thank the Lord,  
But of our troubles since he went away,  
You'll mind, avick, and never say a word—  
Of cares and troubles, sure we've all our share,  
The finest summer is'nt always fair.

“Tell him the spotted heifer calved in May,  
She died, poor thing, but *that* you need'nt mind—  
Nor how the constant rain destroyed the hay,  
But tell him, God to us was always kind;  
And when the fever spread the country o'er,  
His mercy kept the sickness from our door.

“Be sure you tell him how the neighbours came,  
And cut the corn, and stored it in the barn,  
'Twould be as well to mention them by name,  
Pat Murphy, Ned M'Cabe, and James M'Carn,  
And big Tim Daly, from behind the hill,  
But say, agra! oh say, I missed *him* still.

“They came, with ready hands our toil to share,  
'Twas then I missed *him* most—my own right hand!  
I felt, altho' kind hearts were round me there,  
The kindest heart beat in a foreign land.  
Strong arm! brave heart! oh, severed far from me,  
By many a weary league of shore and sea.

“You'll tell him, *she* was with us (he'll know who),  
Mavourneen ! has'nt she the winsome eyes !  
The darkest, deepest, brightest, bonniest blue,  
That ever shone, except in summer skies ;  
And such black hair !—It is the blackest hair  
That ever rippled o'er a neck so fair.

“Tell him old Pincher fretted many a day,  
Ah, poor old fellow, he had like to die—  
Crouched by the roadside, how he watched the way,  
And sniffed the travellers as they passed him by.  
Hail, rain, or sunshine, sure, 'twas all the same,  
*He listened for the foot that never came.*

“Tell him the house is lonesome-like, and cold,  
The fire itself, seems robbed of half its light—  
But maybe 'tis my eyes are growing old,  
And things grow dim before my failing sight ;  
For all that, tell him 'twas myself that spun  
The shirts you bring—and stitched them every one !

“Give him my blessing !—morning, noon, and night ;  
Tell him my prayers are offered for his good,  
That he may keep his Maker still in sight,  
And firmly stand as his brave fathers stood,  
True to his name, his country, and his God,  
Faithful at home, and steadfast still abroad.”

The gifted Irish poetess, FINOLA, having written an answer to these verses, I have obtained her kind permission to publish it with my own. To those who may admire the “Widow's Message,” the “Answer” will be doubly welcome—for its own beauties, and because it is an answer to that which they admired before.

## THE ANSWER BACK.

---

“ **M**OTHER, I got your message—thank the LORD  
 For the glad tidings from the exile’s land—  
 Oh, who can tell how every loving word  
 Sank in my heart ! Oh, who can understand  
 My grateful joy, that sorrow passed you bye,  
 Leaving no cloud upon your summer sky !

“ And so, the spotted heifer calved last May—  
 Be sure you keep a snow-white calf for me ;  
 And, tell me, did you save the crops of hay,  
 That waved so richly on the upland lea ?  
 Thank God for this, when sickness filled the land,  
 He kept you in the hollow of His hand !

“ And Dennis told me how the neighbours came,  
 And cut the corn, and stored it in the barn ;  
 Oh, how my heart throbs at each well-known name,  
 Pat Murphy, Ned M’Cabe, and James M’Carn,  
 And big Tim Daly ; mother, don’t forget,  
 To tell them all, GOD will reward them yet !

“ They came, he said, the widow’s toil to share,  
 ’Twas then you missed your own, *asthore machree*,  
 You felt although kind hearts were round you there,  
 You’d give them all for just one sight of me ;  
 The ocean rolls between us, mother dear,  
 We may not meet for many a weary year !



“And *she* was with you—my own colleen bawn,  
My Una, with the dark and rippling hair!  
In dreams she comes to me, as breaks the dawn,  
I see the soft blue eyes, the brow so fair!  
Oh God! that awful parting—but I know,  
She will be true to me, through weal and woe!

“Old Pincher pined and fretted many a day—  
Poor honest dog, ’twas well he did not die;  
And Dennis said, he watched the lonesome way,  
Gazing with wistful eyes at passers-bye,  
(It wrings my heart, these tears you must not blame),  
And listened for the foot that never came.


“Is the dear cabin lonesome-like and cold?  
Does the fire seem as robbed of half its light?  
It is not that your eyes are growing old,  
But one you love has faded from your sight.  
*Your* eyes grown old? why, Dennis said, you spun  
The shirts he brought, and stitched them every one!

“Pray for me, mother, darling, morn and night—  
Your blessing shields me like an angel’s wing.  
Pray that your son may keep his GOD in sight—  
A mother’s love, what solace can it bring!  
I will be true to Ireland, and my GOD,  
Faithful at home, and steadfast still abroad.”

FINOLA.



## MAY-FLOWERS.

H! tell me, have ever you sought by the brook,  
Explored every crevice, and green shady nook ?  
Have you rambled, through sunshine and showers,  
With joyous companions, a light-hearted throng,  
Have you ever gone laughing and tripping along,  
And gathering pretty May-Flowers ?

Away through the meadows, and down in the dell,  
Grew primrose, and daisy, and bonnie blue bell,  
In April's fair sunshiny hours ;  
But on May's happy eve, not the dell nor the mead,  
Arrested the flight of our footsteps' light speed,  
In our search for those pretty May-Flowers.

'Mid the reeds and bulrushes, away by the brink  
Of the slumbering pool, where our feet used to sink,  
What rapturous triumph was ours,  
As e'en the most treacherous marsh we would dare,  
All breathless, and eager, and joyous, for there  
Grew the beautiful golden May-Flowers.

As homeward we scamper—a frolicsome pack—  
Night's shadows fall silent and thick on our track,  
And terror each heart overpowers,  
As recalling the tales and wild legends of old,  
We fear e'en our aprons a sprite may unfold,  
Slily hidden among the May-Flowers.

But we cleared the last meadow, we ran through the lane—  
And safe in our own little hamlet again,  
    We laugh at all mystical powers ;  
And blithely and sweet we our merry songs sung,  
And down on each threshold our treasures we flung,  
    And wreathed the door-posts with May-Flowers.

Oh, joys of my childhood, you've glided away ;  
And musing I sit, on this eve of sweet May,  
    Recalling those innocent hours—  
And those joyous companions, with hearts full of glee,  
Where are they ? some gone—and some dreaming, like me,  
    Of the days when they gathered May-Flowers !




## THE MERRY MARCH WIND.

---

AIR—All Among the Barley.

---

 LD winter grim has left us,  
Nor left behind a trace ;  
He saw the spring approaching,  
And hid his wrinkled face.  
Bright falls the pleasant sunshine,  
On cottage wall and floor,  
And the merry, merry March wind  
Is whistling at the door.  
Rattling at the window, whistling at the door—  
Oh, the merry, merry March wind  
Is whistling at the door !

A youthful giant March is,  
A giddy boy and gay,  
As striding through the forest,  
He shakes the trees in play.  
He sweeps around the hill-top,  
And scuds across the moor,  
And whirling round the corner,  
He whistles at the door.  
Rattling at the window, whistling at the door—  
Oh, the merry, merry March wind  
Is whistling at the door !

He meets us in our rambles,  
And such rude tricks he plays,  
That bashful maidens fear him,  
With his wild and wicked ways.  
He bounds along the highway,  
And drives the dust before,  
He dances thro' the chimney tops,  
And whistles at the door.  
Rattling at the window, whistling at the door—  
Oh, the merry, merry March wind  
Is whistling at the door !



## THE OLD HOUSE FAR AWAY.

THE wild birds warble—the silvery rills  
Sing cheerily round the spot,  
And the peaceful shade of the purple hills  
Falls dim on my mother's cot.  
Its windows are small, and its thatch is low,  
And its ancient walls are grey—  
Oh, I see it, I love it, wherever I go,  
That old house far away.

The little clock ticks on the parlour wall,  
Recording the passing hours ;  
And the pet geranium grows rank and tall,  
With its brilliant scarlet flowers.  
And the old straw chair, so cosy and low,  
Where mother sits knitting all day—  
Oh, I see it, I love it, wherever I go,  
That old house far away.

Dear mother ! how plainly I see her now,  
Reclining in that old chair,  
With the sunset resting upon her brow,  
That was once so smooth and fair.  
I see her crimped border as white as snow,  
And her once dark hair now grey—  
Oh, my heart is with her wherever I go,  
In the old house far away.

Not all the luxuries earth affords,  
The riches of land and sea,  
Nor all the wealth of earth's haughty lords,  
Could blot from my memory,  
The roof that shelters each dear, dear head,  
And the humble floor of clay,  
Where the feet I love are wont to tread,  
In the old house far away.



## THE OLD MAN TO HIS WIFE.

---

AIR—John Anderson my Jo.

---

**W**HERE may be wrinkles in thy face,  
But I can see none there—  
Ah, why should time his record trace  
Upon a page so fair.  
You call them wrinkles, love, but still,  
In *this* we don't agree,  
For you may call them what you will,  
They *dimples* seem to me.

That youth does swiftly speed away,  
Has oft been said and sung,  
Ah me! it seems but yesterday  
Since you and I were young.  
Then graceful was thy youthful head,  
With glossy dark-brown hair—  
They say there's many a silver thread,  
Old time has woven there.

Well, well, what matter! dark or grey,  
Or smooth, or wrinkled brow,  
Thou wert not in thy palmiest day,  
More beautiful than now;  
For still is thine the winning grace,  
The gentle spirit thine,  
That sheds o'er young or aged face,  
A loveliness divine.



## 'T WAS BETTER TO BID HIM FAREWELL.

DEAR Lucy, the word has been spoken,  
The trial so dreaded is o'er,  
The spell that once bound me is broken,  
And Harry—I'll see him no more.  
The thought that for ever we're parted,  
May grieve me far more than I'll tell;  
But tho' I were half broken-hearted,  
'Twas better to bid him farewell.

I cannot, I will not forget him—  
Oh, fond was our love, tho' so brief;  
But in time I may cease to regret him—  
They tell me time cures every grief.  
My spirit's bowed down in dejection,  
And sore doth this weak heart rebel;  
But still, on maturer reflection,  
'Twas better to bid him farewell.

Oh, Lucy, I'm dreaming for ever,  
Such dreams of the days that are past—  
Alas, shall that loved image never,  
From memory's temple be cast?  
Must it still with my visions be blended?  
And still in my heart must it dwell;  
Oh no, let this dreaming be ended,  
'Twas better to bid him farewell!

And yet, how I loved him—though many,  
Have worshipped and flattered awhile—  
He once was the dearest of any  
That seemed to be courting my smile.  
Oh, foolish heart, cease thy regretting,  
Such thoughts we must learn to repel;  
Then away with this pining and fretting,  
’Twas better to bid him farewell!



MY MOTHER'S SPINNING WHEEL.

---

'TWAS in a corner dim it stood,  
GY My mother's spinning wheel;  
And oft would I in pensive mood,  
To that dark corner steal,  
There to indulge the wild day-dreams  
I never dared reveal.

I was a timid child and shy,  
And proud as child might be,  
And but for that fond mother's eye  
That watched me tenderly,  
Hard many a time it might have fared,  
With foolish little me.

When hasty words, like cruel steel,  
My young heart wounded deep,  
Behind my mother's spinning wheel,  
My faltering steps would creep;  
And there I'd bow my humbled head,  
And hide my face and weep.

Then she her gentle hand would lay  
Upon my throbbing brow,  
And smooth the tangled hair away,—  
Oh, I remember how,  
At her soft touch, my soul grew calm!—  
Where is that dear hand now?

I loved, when winter nights had come,  
    Snug seated by the hearth,  
To listen to the cheerful hum  
    The merry wheel sent forth,  
While loudly round the old house howled  
    The wild wind from the north.

And with its low familiar sound  
    My mother's wheel still flew,  
And, as it aye went whirling round,  
    Her thread she finely drew,  
And sang the dear old mournful songs,  
    That thrilled my spirit thro'.

Oh, cold is now that once bright hearth,  
    The wheel goes round no more,  
The walls are levelled to the earth,  
    And rankly from the floor  
The nettle springs, where dancing feet  
    Beat merry time of yore!

And they are scattered far and wide,  
    And she is gone to rest—  
'Tis well, whatever may betide,  
    Her lot is far the best,  
Our sorrows cannot pierce the sod,  
    So green above her breast.

And the old wheel, my mother's wheel,  
    I brought it far away  
Across the seas, and there I kneel,  
    Each morning when I pray,  
And there my children often come,  
    Their evening prayers to say.

## THE IRISH MOTHER AT HER CHILD'S GRAVE.

---

“**M**y very heart-strings, sure, will burst asunder,  
Oh, woe is me!  
Damp is the sod that thou art sleeping under,  
Ashore Machree!

“Narrow and dark the bed where thou art lying,  
All cold and lone;  
And the wild winds above thee shrieking, sighing—  
Ochone, ochone!

“The frost is nipping thee, my tender blossom,  
In that cold place;  
Mavourneen, come, and nestle in my bosom  
Thy poor chill face!

“Thine empty cradle stands beside the fire,  
In the old cot;  
They would have moved it, but at my desire  
They touched it not.

“Then come, I'll clasp my arms so close about thee,  
And bear thee home;  
Thy father says he *cannot live without thee*,  
Alanna, come!

“I speak to thee, ashore; Oh, don't you hear me?  
My heart will break;  
Why art thou mute, my babe, *and I so near thee*?  
Speak, darling, speak!

**" My gentle love-bird, thou art fled for ever,  
Thy song is o'er ;  
Thy voice is hushed, and I shall hear thee never,  
Oh, never more!**

**" The sunshine of my life has all departed,  
The day is gone ;  
The night has come, and I am broken-hearted—  
Ochone, ochone !"**



## AN IRISH BEAUTY.

---

AIR—She's my own bonny Mary.

---


**D**ARK eyes, softly beaming,  
And pearly teeth gleaming,  
And black rippling tresses, loose, flowing and free  
A face sweet and simple,  
And many an arch dimple—  
That's Nora, my Nora, sweet Nora Magee

A small foot, a neat foot,  
A dainty and fleet foot,  
No foot in the dance half so nimble you'd see  
As gay as a fairy,  
And graceful and airy—  
That's Nora, my Nora, sweet Nora Magee !

Now teasing, now vexing,  
And always perplexing  
The heart that adores her to such a degree ;  
Now frowning, now smiling,  
Bewitching, beguiling—  
That's Nora, my Nora, sweet Nora Magee !

Dark eyes, softly beaming,  
And pearly teeth gleaming,  
Capricious, and wilful, and charming is she ;  
In kind mood or cruel,  
She's always my jewel,  
My own darling Nora, sweet Nora Magee !

## THE BIRD AND THE HAWTHORN.

 LITTLE bird sat on a hawthorn tree,  
Sing, singing the livelong day;  
His song was blythe, as the song should be  
Of a bird in the month of May.  
“Twit, twit, twit, tweet, twee!” still warbled he,  
“Still he merrily warbled away,  
“Oh, it’s pleasant to sit on the hawthorn tree,  
In the flowery month of May!”

The sun looked down from the bright June sky,  
And he smiled on the hawthorn tree,  
And the perfumed breeze went whispering by,  
And the little bird—happy was he.  
“Twit, twit, twit, tweet, twee!” still warbled he,  
“Oh isn’t it beautiful weather?  
And I love you so dearly, my hawthorn tree,  
We will live, we will die together!”

July was sunny, and August too,  
But September was rather chill,  
Still the trees were leafy, the sky was blue,  
And the little bird warbled still.  
“Twit, twit, twit, tweet, twee! it’s a pity,” said he,  
“That youth cannot last for ever;  
I am sorry to say it, my hawthorn tree,  
You are scarcely as young as you used to be,  
But I’ll never forsake you—*Never!*”



October came, and the wind and rain  
Beat hard on the hawthorn tree,  
And the bird grew sullen, and would complain—  
What a fickle wee bird was he.  
“Twit, twit, twit, tweet, twee! Ah, well,” said he,  
As the leaves came fluttering down,  
“How could I e’er think you a beautiful tree?—  
Why, you’re withered, and old, and brown!”

November came, not a leaf was left  
On the poor old hawthorn tree,  
And of all its beauty and youth bereft,  
’Twas a pitiful sight to see.  
And the bird, where was he? with his “twit, twit,  
tweet, twee,”  
He was scolding away with a will—  
“You were always a nasty, cross, ugly old tree,  
And of late you’ve grown uglier still!”

Then the poor tree sighed, and it’s branches shook,  
It was grieved to its true heart’s core,  
But it lifted its head with a scornful look,  
For its moment of weakness was o’er.  
“I sheltered you long in the days gone by,  
In the bright sunny days of my youth,  
And now you would leave me alone to die—  
Is *this*, then, your love and your truth?

“I remember right well, in the beautiful spring,  
When the crown of my glory was new,  
And you were a naked and shivering thing—  
Bah! what was so ugly as you?  
But I held you so close to my sheltering breast,  
And my green robe around you I drew,  
That no prying eyes might discover the nest  
Where, false little ingrate, you grew.

"No matter!—the summer will come ere long,  
My blossoms and leaves to restore ;  
But, flatterer, go : for your false sweet song  
Can charm or delude me no more.  
Go, go,—I would not that you should stay,  
'Twere wiser and better to part,  
We may always be sure that misfortune's dark day  
Will show us some treacherous heart !"



## SWEETHEART, I ALWAYS THINK OF THEE.

—  
AIR—Good night, and joy be with you all.  
—

**W**HEN blithely breaks the blushing morn,  
And song-birds warble on each tree ;  
When dew-drops gem the fragrant thorn,  
Oh, then, sweetheart, I think of thee !  
Of thee, my darling ! still of thee !  
Sweetheart, I always think of thee !  
When blithely breaks the blushing morn,  
Oh, then, sweetheart, I think of thee !

Wrapt in the hush of fervid June,  
When purple hill and flowery lea  
Lie slumbering in the lap of noon,  
Oh, then, sweetheart, I think of thee !  
Of thee, my darling ! still of thee !  
Sweetheart, I always think of thee !  
By blushing morn, or glowing noon,  
Sweetheart, I always think of thee !

When evening's gentle shades descend,  
And homeward hies the humming bee ;  
When low, soft winds their whispers blend,  
Oh, then, sweetheart, I think of thee !  
Of thee, my darling ! still of thee !  
Sweetheart, I always think of thee !  
By morning, noon, or dewy eve,  
Sweetheart, I always think of thee !

And stealing thro' the dreams of night,  
A white-robed angel bends o'er me  
With loving eyes, and tresses bright—  
That angel wears the form of thee!  
Of thee, my darling! still of thee!  
Sweetheart, my dreams are still of thee!  
And morning, evening, noon, or night,  
Sweetheart, I always think of thee!

Thou'rt never absent from my sight!  
But still, while fancy's wings are free,  
My Colleen bawn! by day or night  
My thoughts, my dreams, are all of thee!  
Of thee, my darling! still of thee!  
My thoughts, my dreams are all of thee!  
And morning, evening, noon, or night,  
Sweetheart, I always think of thee!



## THE GREY MARE; OR, DENIS MALONE'S RIDE TO THE FAIR.

---

“**C**OME saddle me quickly, my bonny grey mare;  
And whisper, here, Andy—I'm going to the fair!  
Bring down my drab breeches, my best coat of frieze—  
There's somebody there that I mean to surprise!  
My stout loaded whip—I might want it by chance—  
And the new yellow waistcoat I wore at the dance!  
My Colleen shall see that there's few can compare  
With Denis Malone, and his bonny grey mare!”

The grey mare is saddled, and bridled and all;  
And mounted by Denis, so handsome and tall,  
With his glossy black hair, and his laughing grey eye,  
And a smile that would make all the pretty girls sigh!  
“So-ho! now my beauty! we'll show them this day  
What mettle we're made of”—so off and away!  
Over hedges and ditches, away to the fair,  
Hie Denis Malone and his bonny grey mare!

Over high-ways and bye-ways, through bogs and thro'  
brakes;  
By dark purple mountains, and blue sunny lakes;  
Over broom-covered brae, over rush-covered plain;  
Past many an old farm-house, and many a green lane;  
And orchard, and meadow, and river, and stream,  
And castle, and cabin, fly past like a dream,  
As headlong they scamper away to the fair—  
Young Denis Malone and his bonny grey mare!

The bright summer sun had gone down in the west,  
And the weary-winged bird had gone home to its nest ;  
The path was all silent—the hour was so still—  
When, hark ! how they thunder along by the mill—  
One, two, three, four horsemen !—five, six ! on the track  
Of *one* who would rather not show them his back :  
But what can he do with that sweet Kitty Clare,  
Clasped firmly and fast on the bonny grey mare ?

Her brothers and cousins are chasing behind—  
Their loud shouts of vengeance borne past on the wind ;  
But Denis he stops not to heed, or to hear,  
Till their voices grow distant and faint on his ear,  
And Father O'Connor's white cottage at last  
Beams brightly upon them—the danger is past !  
Ah ! Denis, avourneen ! what makes you stop there,  
And lift pretty Kate from the bonny grey mare ?

The priest was at home, and the knot was soon tied ;  
And Denis Malone kissed his blushing young bride !  
And now the long years have passed lightly away—  
They laugh and they talk of that fine summer's day,  
When, o'er mountains, and moorlands, and many a wild  
track,  
They rattled along with their friends (?) at their back !  
Kate, smiling, assures us—and Denis will swear—  
The best horse in all Ireland's the bonny grey mare !




## DON'T FORGET ME, MARY, DEAR

---

AIR—Isle of Beauty.

---

HEN the summer morning breaking  
 Tips with gold each quivering spray,  
 And the pretty flowers awaking,  
 Spread their beauties to the day ;  
 When the lark, on pinions airy,  
 Chaunts his matins loud and clear,  
 Don't forget me then, my Mary !  
 Don't forget me, Mary, dear !  
 Don't forget me ! Don't forget me !  
 Don't forget me, Mary, dear !

When the evening dews are falling  
 On the sleepy folded flowers ;  
 And the little birds are calling  
 To their mates in leafy bowers ;  
 While their sweet notes swell and vary—  
 Notes that once we loved to hear—  
 Don't forget me then, my Mary !  
 Don't forget me, Mary, dear !  
 Don't forget me ! Don't forget me  
 Don't forget me, Mary, dear !

On our favourite seat reclining,  
Where the river ripples by,  
As you watch the bright stars shining  
In the silent summer sky,  
Oh ! may some kind, gentle fairy  
Whisper in my darling's ear :  
“ Don't forget the absent, Mary !  
Don't forget him, Mary, dear !”  
Then, don't forget me ! Don't forget me !  
Don't forget me, Mary, dear !





## THE OUTLAW.

AIR—The Exile of Erin.

**T**HE sun's setting beams in the sea were reflected,  
 As gracefully glided our ship o'er the wave;  
 On the deck sat a youth, silent, pale, and dejected—  
 Oh! why was that young face so thoughtful and grave?  
 As he sat all alone there, his mournful watch keeping,  
 The breeze from his broad brow the dark curls was  
 sweeping;  
 And ever, in tones would have set pity weeping,  
 He murmured, "My own land, I'll see thee no more!"

"Farewell, ye green fields, where in childhood I wandered;  
 Ye hills, that my young feet in gladness did press!  
 Farewell, ye lone haunts, where in boyhood I pondered  
 O'er wrongs that my heart would have bled to redress!  
 Oh! Land of my fathers! my soul grieved to see thee  
 The footstool of tyrants—I struggled to free thee!  
 Proscribed now, an exile, despairing, I flee thee!  
 And, oh, beloved land! I shall see thee no more!"

Now, darker and deeper eve's shadows fell round him,  
 And distant and dim grew the shore on his view;  
 But still to the deck there was something that bound him,  
 And ever he murmured that low, sad adieu.  
 The solemn night fell like a pall on the ocean,  
 As still to the Isle of his young heart's devotion  
 He gazed—and his trembling lips, pale with emotion,  
 Still murmured, "My own land, I'll see thee no more!"

## BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

— — —  
**I**N virginal beauty, with sunshine and song,  
O'er mountain and moorland, she dances along,  
With green robe loose flowing, and eyes flashing bright,  
Like stars in the sky of a midsummer night,  
Her handmaiden Flora bright treasures doth bring,  
To strew in the pathway of beautiful Spring.

She touches the streamlets, she breathes on the lake,  
She calls to the waves, and she bids them awake,—  
“Awake, oh my children, cold winter's away,  
And earth, like a bride, dons her festive array,”—  
Hark! hark! how the glad waters ripple and sing,  
And dance round the footsteps of beautiful Spring!

The crocus and snowdrop spring joyful to meet  
Her smile, and the violet kisses her feet;  
'Neath sheltering hedges the primroses blow,  
And the hare-bell lies hid in the valley below;  
To the old rocks the young mosses tenderly cling—  
(Green shreds from the mantle of beautiful Spring).

She glides thro' the forests, and still, as she goes,  
From voices unnumbered glad harmony flows;  
The air, as she passes, grows gentle and bland,  
And she scatters green leaves from her bountiful hand;  
The trees in the zephyrs their graceful boughs swing  
Like banners, to welcome thee, beautiful Spring!

"Ye hard-handed children of toil and of care,  
Come forth to the sunshine, and health-breathing air ;  
From the din and the dust of the workshop and mill,  
Come forth to the meadows, and breezy green hill ;  
The bee in the clover, the guat on the wing,  
Are drunk with the bliss of the beautiful Spring !

"Ho ! weary mechanic, lift up your pale brow ;  
Wipe the sweat from your face, man, and follow me now ;  
There's music, and sunshine, and beauty abroad,  
Free gifts from the hands of our bountiful God.  
Come away, shake the dust from your garments, and fling  
Your cares to the breeze of the beautiful Spring !

"Come away, baby, darling, I'll tell you a tale,  
Poor mother's been looking so languid and pale ;  
But to-day her eyes sparkle, her cheeks have a glow,  
Like the lustre and bloom that they wore long ago ;—  
Ah, laugh, little rogue ; you're a bonny wee thing,  
Another sweet bud of this beautiful Spring !

"Come away, and I'll show you the daisy's white face  
Peeping up from the grass, while the butterflies chase  
Each other from blossom to blossom away,  
Still round-about, round-about, giddy and gay ;  
And we'll rove thro' the grove, where the little birds sing,—  
Thank God, oh, thank God for the beautiful Spring !"



## JESSIE'S KEEPSAKE.

’T WAS at the dewy eventide  
They sat alone together,  
Upon the dark old mountain side,  
Among the purple heather.  
He looked into her deep blue eyes,  
He smoothed her golden hair ;  
Oh ! ’twas so hard to say farewell  
To one so loved—so fair !

And still he clasped her little hand,  
And pressed her glowing cheek  
Close, closer, to his fond young heart,  
That throbbed as if ’twould break !  
At length, in broken accents low,  
“ Oh ! Jessie, dear,” said he,  
“ To-morrow I must bid adieu  
To Scotland, and to thee !

“ I go to India’s distant shore—  
With Campbell’s men I go—  
Where England wants our Scottish arms  
Against her foreign foe !  
Weep not, beloved, when I am gone,  
But think what joy to meet,  
When your young soldier comes to lay  
His laurels at your feet.

“ What keepsake will my Jessie give,  
That I may bear away ?—  
Some little gift to kiss at night,  
To look at when I pray !  
One shining tress of that bright hair—  
One waving lock of gold,  
I'll wear it in my bonnet, like  
Some loyal knight of old !”

She stooped, and plucked a heather sprig  
From that old mountain side,  
And with a long bright tress of hair,  
The fragrant gift she tied.  
“ Here take, Sir Knight, this token from  
Thy loving ‘ lady’s ’ hand,  
'Twill mind thee of poor Jessie’s love,  
And Scotia’s distant land !”

Then there were sighs, and tears, and sobs,  
And many a murmured vow,  
And clasping hands, and trembling lips,  
“ There now—sweet Jessie, now !”  
He stops to wave a last adieu,  
He turns—Ah ! now, he’s gone !  
And on the heathery mountain side,  
The maiden sits alone !

Within her chamber Jessie sits,  
With sad and tearful eyes ;  
She thinks of him, her absent love,  
'Neath India’s burning skies .  
She thinks of him—she prays for him—  
She wonders does he wear  
That sprig of purple heather,  
With its band of golden hair ?

Now, three long years had pass'd and gone,  
And on the mountain side  
Poor Jessie sits, and weeps alone,  
At dewy eventide.  
And still she scans the winding path,  
Till her blue eyes grow dim ;  
And many a sigh, and many a prayer,  
She breathes to heaven for him !

One evening as she lingered late,  
The twilight gathering fast,  
A step comes up the mountain path—  
*The well-known step at last !*  
Be still, be still, oh, throbbing heart !  
Oh, foolish heart, be still !  
Hast never read, in legends old,  
That joy will sometimes kill ?

Then there again were clasping hands,  
And thrilling words of love—  
Whose truth, and depth, the silent stars  
May witness from above !  
Ah ! what does Jessie gaze on so—  
What Indian treasure rare ?  
'Tis but a withered heather sprig,  
Tied round with golden hair !



## EMILY GREY.

**T**RIPPING along thro' the meadow,  
**F**ootsteps so graceful and light,  
Golden curls floating around her,  
Blue eyes bewitchingly bright;  
White teeth, and lips like twin cherries,  
Cheeks like the roses in May,  
Tripping along thro' the meadow,  
Comes pretty Emily Grey;  
Golden-haired Emily! cherry-lipped Emily!  
Beautiful Emily Grey!

See now, she pauses to listen!—  
What has the dear maiden heard?—  
'Twas but the leaves as they rustled  
'Neath the light wings of a bird!  
Nay, 'twas a footstep approaching,  
Somebody coming this way;  
Hark!—"Wont you wait for me, Emily—  
Wait for me, Emily Grey?  
Listen, dear Emily! stay darling Emily!  
Mischievous Emily Grey!"

Shaking her bright curls, she hastens  
Onward as swift as the wind,  
Never once stopping to answer,  
Only once glancing behind;  
Till a strong arm stealing round her,  
Forces her footsteps to stay;—  
"There, but you needn't mind chiding,  
Kind-hearted Emily Grey!  
Light-hearted Emily! fleet-footed Emily!  
Dear little Emily Grey!"

T O I R E L A N D .

---

**E**RIN, I love thee!—tho' long years have passed  
Since on thy emerald fields I gazed my last;  
Still memory brings me back thy vales, thy hills,  
Thy flashing rivers, and thy sparkling rills,  
That leap from rock to rock, or glide away,  
Like silvery snakes among the meadows gay!

Well I remember one bright "singing stream,"  
On whose green banks I used to sit and dream;  
Pleased with the water's splash and gentle flow,  
I watched the pebbles gleaming white below;  
Or, as the stream sped rapidly along,  
I listened, wondering, to its ceaseless song,  
And plucked the flowers that grew upon its brink,  
And thought—for even children sometimes think—  
That the sweet blossoms loved their glittering friend,  
For still their pretty graceful heads would bend,  
As if in fondness, lower, lower still,  
Until they kissed the joyous little rill!

Erin, nor time, nor absence can efface  
Thy sylvan beauties! Still can memory trace  
Thy waving forests, with their sunny glades,  
And solemn, deep, impenetrable shades;  
'Thy spreading fields of nodding golden grain,  
Where bounteous Ceres holds her happy reign;  
Thy very cabins, picturesque tho' mean,  
Poor huts, half-hidden in a nest of green;  
'Tis half in love, and half in shame they hide,  
Behind the friendly screen, spread thick and wide,  
By liberal nature's kindly pitying hand,  
That scatters verdure over all the land!



The lakes that on thy emerald bosom gleam,  
I see them still!—I see, as in a dream,  
Thy mystic caves that never saw the light,  
Where troops of fairies dance the livelong night;  
Thy fragrant hedges with their sweet wild flowers,  
Thy haunted raths, thy battle-grounds, thy towers;  
Thy cliffs, where but the sea-bird's wing can soar,  
Where break the sullen waves with ceaseless roar;  
Thy giant rocks that frown in grandeur rude,  
Where the proud eagle reigns in solitude;  
Thy glens, among the mountains wild and lone,  
Where the loud torrent dashes madly on;  
Thy ruined castles, where the ivy clings,  
Where flaps the whizzing bat his dusky wings!  
Old stately piles! how well I loved to stray,  
In the soft twilight, through those ruins grey;  
While feelings difficult to be express'd  
Were swelling, surging, in my youthful breast;  
And mournful thoughts—too mournful for my years—  
Suffused my eyes; and through a mist of tears,  
I gazed upon the hoary walls that stood,  
Grand, even in decay and solitude!

'Twas here—I mused—assembled once in state,  
The young, the beautiful, the wise, the great;  
Here, where the tangled weeds bestrew the ground,  
“My lady's” footsteps fell with softest sound;  
Here mail-clad warriors trod, and the loud clang  
Of armour through the vaulted chambers rang;  
And minstrels sang the soul-inspiring strain,  
That Ireland's sons, perchance, may hear again!

Oh, thou wert great, old land, in days of yore—  
Great in heroic deeds and learned lore!  
When learning fled from other lands afar,  
And paled and flickered like a waning star,

It hovered o'er thy hospitable shore,  
Then rested there, and thence it fled no more ;  
But grew in strength, in brightness, and in time  
Its radiance reached to many a distant clime.

Then many a good ship spread her snowy sail,  
And sought the kingdom of the learned Gael ;  
To gather knowledge from that favoured soil,  
And stores of wisdom from the Western Isle ;  
Then other lands proclaimed and hailed thee "blest,"  
The "Isle of Saints," the "Emerald" of the West.  
But *now*, of all thine ancient glories shorn,  
Thou art the spoil of strangers, and their scorn !

Such were my musings then—and, wrong or right,  
Time may have toned my thoughts, not changed them quite,  
For even now, though many weary years  
Have shed upon my head their smiles and tears,  
Still art thou dearer far than all the earth !  
Land of my kindred ! of my mother's hearth !  
Let who will scorn thee, still art thou to me,  
The fairest land—the jewel of the sea !  
I love thee, poor and suffering as thou art,  
Land of the tender, proud, and faithful heart ;  
Where all the noblest feelings of the mind  
Spring up untrained, luxuriant, soft, refined ;  
Wild as the winds that ever round thee blow,  
And fervent as the sun's meridian glow ;  
Where the dark flash that lights the angry eye,  
Melts into tears, at sorrow's faintest sigh !

I love thee—oh, but words are weak to tell,  
The love that in the Irish heart doth dwell ;  
The warm, deep, earnest love that, fading never,  
Thy wandering children bear to thee for ever !

## THE MOTHER'S WARNING.

**H**E's false, and he's cruel !  
Oh ! Cathleen, my jewel,  
The depth of my trouble, there's nobody knows ;  
While sweetly you're sleeping,  
I'm waking, and weeping—  
This sad heart can find neither peace nor repose !

Ah ! child, you're deceiving  
My fond hopes, and grieving  
The love that would guard you by night and by day ;  
Oh, don't I know rightly,  
He's meeting you nightly,  
The schemer, that's plotting to lead you astray !

There's danger before you !  
Take heed, I implore you !  
Give ear to his lies, and his blarney no more ;  
Mavrone ! he'd deceive you,  
He'd wrong, and he'd leave you,  
As false man has left many a poor girl before !

You mind Dan O'Leary,  
And his daughter Mary,  
That sweet blue-eyed colleen, so winsome and gay ;  
With rosy cheeks glowing,  
And fair ringlets flowing,  
You'd scarce meet her like in a long summer's day.

With tears now we name her,  
(Hush, Cathleen! don't blame her),  
Poor thing, she was motherless, thoughtless, and  
young!  
And she never detected,  
Nor even suspected,  
The poison that dropp'd from his flattering tongue!

With false vows he sought her,  
The old man's one daughter,  
Alas! for the fond heart, that loved him too well!  
Alas! for O'Leary!  
And woe to poor Mary!  
Sure, angels above might have wept when she fell!

The low winds are sighing  
Where Mary is lying,  
And gently the summer dews fall on her grave;  
There comes old O'Leary  
To pray for his Mary,  
While o'er him the green willows mournfully wave!

He's false, and he's cruel!  
Come hither, my jewel,  
Bend low, till I whisper the black traitor's name;  
The serpent whose wiling,  
So sweetly beguiling,  
Brought that poor young colleen to sorrow and shame!



## MAVOURNEEN ACUSHLA MACHREE

---

AIR,—*Meeting of the Waters.*

---

**T**HERE are words which we cherish till life's latest day,  
**T**ho' the lips that once breathed them have faded  
away;

And of all these fond phrases, the sweetest to me,  
Is the Gaelic "Mavourneen, Acushla Machree!"

"Mavourneen! Mavourneen! Acushla Machree!"

Words simple and fond, how ye cling round the heart,  
Like a halo of love which can never depart!

Like a dream of my youth, still ye linger with me,  
"Mavourneen! Mavourneen! Acushla Machree!"

"Mavourneen! Mavourneen! Acushla Machree!"

Soft and sad as the music that steals from afar,  
When the summer winds sigh 'neath the pale evening star,  
These dear words float back o'er my life's troubled sea,

"Mavourneen! Mavourneen! Acushla Machree!"

"Mavourneen! Mavourneen! Acushla Machree!"

I have mourned one by one the bright hopes of my youth,  
I have wept o'er the grave of affection and truth,  
Still, like dew on my heart falls the sweet memory,  
Of the days when I first heard "Acushla Machree!"

"Mavourneen! Mavourneen! Acushla Machree!"

And now, when fierce oaths on my startled ears fall,  
When my heart's gentlest feelings are turning to gall;  
I recall the loved voices that often to me  
Have whispered, "Mavourneen! Acushla Machree!"  
"Mavourneen! Mavourneen! Acushla Machree!"

I recall the blest days that have long passed away,  
When a mother's soft hand on my youthful head lay;  
And a mother's sweet voice, as I stood at her knee,  
Would murmur "Mavourneen! Acushla Machree!"  
"Mavourneen! Mavourneen! Acushla Machree!"

And still, when my own little ones I caress,  
No cold English phrase can my feelings express;  
But up from my heart, like some old melody,  
Bursts the Gaelic "Mavourneen! Acushla Machree!"  
"Mavourneen! Mavourneen! Acushla Machree!"



## SINCE CHARLEY WENT AWAY.

---

AIR,—Willie Riley.

---

OH, once I was a happy maid,  
A happy maid and free,  
As careless as the little bird,  
That sings upon the tree!  
From early morn till dusky night,  
Oh, who could be so gay!  
I never knew what sorrow meant,  
Till Charley went away!

We loved each other long ago,  
So long ago that now  
I can't remember when began  
Our childish love, or how!  
But he would go "a soldiering,"  
Alas! that cruel day;  
I've never known a happy hour,  
Since Charley went away!

His hair was such a bonny brown,  
His eyes so bright a blue;  
You'd scarcely find his equal  
If you search'd the parish through!  
And then he had so sweet a smile,  
Bright as the skies in May;  
I've never seen a smile like his,  
Since Charley went away!

Now slowly creeps the day along—  
More slowly still the night ;  
To my poor heart there's nothing left,  
Of all youth's blessed light ;  
But shadows here, and shadows there,  
Surround me night and day,  
The sun has never seemed to smile  
Since Charley went away !

I often dream of battle-fields,  
Of danger and of strife ;  
Of fighting men, and flying men,  
And men that strive for life ;  
Of wounded men, and dying men,  
And all war's grim array ;  
Oh, I've never dream'd a happy dream  
Since Charley went away !





## THE ROSE AND THE ZEPHYR.

---

A LITTLE STORY FOR YOUNG MAIDENS.

---

'**T** WAS on a balmy summer's morn,  
My path across the fields I chose,  
When, nestling on a dewy thorn,  
I saw a young and lovely rose ;  
A blushing rose, a smiling rose,  
A bashful, sweet, and timid rose !

Said I, " Thou art of flowers the queen,  
No fairer sure on earth there grows,  
Half-hidden in thy bower of green—  
Good morning, gentle lady rose !  
Thou beauteous rose, thou blooming rose,  
Thou fair, and ever graceful rose !"

A careless zephyr roving by,  
Admires my flower, as I suppose,  
And breathing first a gentle sigh,  
Begins to whisper to the rose !  
The pretty rose, the modest rose,  
The innocent, and happy rose !

At first she looks both shy and cold,  
Then smiles, and smiling fairer grows,  
The amorous zephyr, growing bold,  
Begins to kiss the blushing rose,  
The blushing rose, the sighing rose,  
The credulous and simple rose !

Alas ! her peace for evermore  
Is wrecked, and gone is her repose ;  
For his brief dream of love is o'er,  
He flies away, and leaves the rose !  
The weeping rose, the drooping rose,  
The sad, betrayed, forsaken rose !



WELCOME TO THE ROBIN.

---

**W**HEN all the landscape is bleak and drear,  
And the dry dead leaves go whirling past,  
When the mournful dirge of the dying year  
Is borne on the sough of the wintry blast ;  
Then old friend Robin,  
Then bonny wee Robin,  
Blithe bird of the winter, we welcome thee !

When the tall trees wreath'd with the feath'ry frost  
Gleam cold and white in the twilight grey,  
And their long weird arms, by the tempest toss'd,  
Have frightened the poor little birds away ;  
Then brave little Robin,  
Then bonny wee Robin,  
Blithe bird of the winter, we welcome thee !

You come with the mist, and the pelting rain,  
When the wild north wind goes whistling by,  
When the hailstones beat on the window pane,  
And the snow is piled on the mountains high ;  
'Tis then, bonny Robin,  
Our cheery wee Robin,  
Blithe bird of the winter, we welcome thee !

There's a friendly tone in thy minstrelsy,  
And a merry heart beats 'neath thy crimson vest ;  
There's a pleasant light in thy glistening eye,  
And of all our songsters we love thee best ;  
Our pretty pet Robin,  
Our bonny wee Robin,  
Blithe bird of the winter, we welcome thee !

How small soever may be our cot,  
We have room for thee on the window sill ;  
How poor soever may be our lot,  
We've a crumb to spare for thy dainty bill ;  
Then old friend Robin,  
Our bonny wee Robin,  
Here's welcome for ever and aye to thee !



## I DO NOT LOVE HIM.

AN OLD MAID'S ANSWER TO A YOUNG MAID'S QUESTION.

**I** DO not love him—No! I do not love him!  
Oh why would'st thou recall that "long ago,"  
When I have envied e'en the stars above him,  
For shining on him?—'twas not love; no, no—  
'Twas youth's sweet folly, and it passed away,  
Like the soft sunshine of an April day!

Hush, maiden, hush! What now is love to me?  
My head is sprinkled with the frost of years,  
My face is faded,—in these eyes you see  
Nought of the old-time lustre! Ah, these tears!  
They flow in spite of me; and you may say,  
"September weeps, because it is not May!"

And you have seen him? Can you wonder now  
That many loved him? Have you felt the spell  
Of those dark eyes?—and have you marked that brow,  
So full of thought, of pride, of power, that well  
Become his regal beauty? And that smile  
That might the mermaid from the waves beguile?

You tell me he is changed—"a look of care,  
Of some great sorrow past, is on his face;  
And silver threads mixed with the raven hair!"  
Ah, well! the passing years will leave some trace,  
But still, "his brow is smooth, his eyes are bright,"  
With all the dear old witching, winsome light!

And still, those sweet persuasive accents fall,  
Like music on the rapt attentive ear—  
Music that can each wandering thought recall,  
And make the very heart stand still to hear!  
Oh eloquence! Oh gift of gifts divine!  
Earth has no power, no charm, to equal thine!

“His step is stately!”—So it was of yore;  
“He has a dignity, a courtly grace!”  
You do describe him well—Girl, say no more;  
And never mind the paleness of my face—  
’Twas always pale! And if my eyes *are* dim  
With tears, ’tis not for him! *Oh, not for him!*

No, no, I do *not* love; I loved him never;  
I tell you once for all, ’twas but a dream—  
A dream engraven on my heart forever;  
A star reflected in my life’s dull stream!  
And stream, and star, are hastening to the sea—  
The silent ocean of eternity!



## GOD HELP THE POOR!

THE summer days are past and gone,  
And dreary winter cometh on,  
Stealthy and sure.  
God help the poor, infirm, and old—  
So ill prepared to meet the cold!  
God help the poor

The sky is dull and overcast,  
And hoarsely moans the sullen blast  
O'er hill and moor;  
The drifting sleet, and drizzling rain,  
Beat drearily on the window pane—  
God help the poor!

God help the weary, shrinking feet,  
That trudge along the miry street,  
From door to door;  
The hesitating forms that stand,  
And knock with nervous, timid hand—  
God help the poor!

God help the poor, compelled to hear  
The rude repulse, the heartless sneer;  
They must endure  
The taunting speech, and scornful eye,  
That seem to mock their misery;  
God help the poor!

God help each wretched, shivering form,  
That nightly from the pelting storm,  
    In nook obscure,  
Is fain to lay the aching head,  
The cold damp earth their only bed ;  
    God help the poor !

God pity them ; for here below  
Hard is their portion—want and woe ;  
    And sorrows more  
Than tongue could tell, or pen could write,  
Torment them still, by day and night,  
And dog their steps with cruel spite ;  
    God help the poor !





## OUR LITTLE KATE.

Our Kate is bonny, bright and fair,  
And full of artless, childish grace,  
With glossy curls of amber hair,  
That cluster round her winsome face,  
Then sweeping backwards softly flow  
O'er neck and shoulders white as snow !

Our little Kate has sparkling eyes,  
Like stars that gem the robe of night,  
As clear as cloudless summer skies,  
And brimful of love's gentle light ;  
Oh bonny eyes ! so sweetly blue—  
Like violets wet with morning dew !

Dear little Kate ! as wavelets chase  
Each other o'er a smiling lake,  
So swiftly o'er thy guileless face  
The varying lights and shadows break—  
Joy chases grief, hope chases fear,  
And sunny smiles dry up each tear !

Oh darling Kate ! still may thine eyes  
Beam bright and innocent as now ;  
May no dark clouds hereafter rise,  
To shade thy fair and open brow ;  
God grant thy future life may be,  
As now, from sin and sorrow free !

## POOR MARGARET ADAIR.

---

Air—Banks of the Dee.

---

**D**OWN by the river side—wandering dejected—  
Saw you fair Margaret, poor Margaret Adair?  
Wild are her blue eyes, and loose and neglected  
O'er her white neck falls her dark flowing hair.  
Still on the stream's flowery margin reclining,  
Watching the bright water sparkling and shining;  
Wreaths of wild blossoms her small fingers twining,  
Lingers fair Margaret—poor Margaret Adair!

Where o'er the stream the green willows are bending,  
Sits gentle Margaret—poor Margaret Adair;  
Mournful and low, with the sighing wind blending,  
Wild words of anguish and bitter despair.  
Swifter and swifter, and brighter and brighter,  
Rushes the river—it seems to invite her;  
Ah, never more shall the cruel world slight her—  
Never more scorn her—poor Margaret Adair!

Where the white pebbles are gleaming and glancing,  
Lies gentle Margaret—poor Margaret Adair;  
Round her the waters are singing and dancing,  
And damp weeds are coiled in her dark silken hair.  
Coiled in her hair—o'er her pallid face creeping,  
While bending above her the willow is weeping,—  
Woe-worn and weary one! sound is thy sleeping,  
Dreamless thy slumbers, poor Margaret Adair!

## THE MAY-DEW.

**T**HE May-dew is falling on the blades of young corn,  
And the sky-lark, awaking, salutes the bright morn =  
With a blithe hymn of gladness, he soars from his nest,  
While the morning dew sparkles like gems on his breast !  
And in green pleasant places,  
Now the spring blossoms gay,  
Wash their beautiful faces  
In the dew-drops of May.

The May-dew is falling on meadow and brae,  
And the soft dreamy south-wind goes sighing all day ;  
Goes sighing o'er mountain, and moorland, and grove,  
And breathes through the garden sweet whispers of love.  
See the young rose to listen,  
Bends down from the spray ;  
And her blushing leaves glisten,  
With the dew-drops of May.

The May-dew is falling thro' the sweet "stilly night,"  
When the stars shed around us their tremulous light ;  
When the zephyrs are rocking the wild flowers to rest,  
And the song-bird has folded his wings in his nest.  
Still with gentle caressing,  
By night and by day,  
On the earth with a blessing  
Fall the dew-drops of May.

## THE LAST PARTING.

WITH her fair head upon his breast reclined,  
Her white hand clasped in his—silent and still  
They sat, and listened to the wintry wind,  
Wildly careering down the neighbouring hill;  
And on their hearts there fell a sudden chill,  
The dim presentiment of coming ill!

They watched the fire-light dancing on the wall,  
And the dark shadows, as they came and went,  
Seemed to their eyes like phantoms grim and tall,  
Weird shapes on stealthy silent mischief bent;  
And she, from her fond heart, a wild prayer sent,  
That Heaven the threatened danger might prevent!

Oh, they had never known how very dear  
Each to the other was—till this sad hour!  
And now, when each would fain the other cheer,  
With words of hope, alas! they had no power;  
Their hope had withered like a summer flower,  
And round their life's path, clouds began to lower!

And still, the moments speeding, speeding on,  
Like the swift waves of some impetuous river,  
A kiss—a sob—a prayer—and he is gone!  
Oh God! 'tis thus, that loving hearts oft sever!  
A sweet sad memory, that is her's forever!  
“And did they meet no more?” In this world, *never!*

## CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY DAYS.

THE earth is green and beautiful,  
The sky serene and fair ;  
The fragrant breath of countless flowers  
Comes floating on the air ;  
The blossoms ope their dewy eyes,  
Kissed by the sun's bright rays ;  
And all the scene to memory brings  
My childhood's happy days.

The primrose, delicate and pale,  
Peeps from its grassy bed ;  
And gracefully the queenly rose  
Inclines her blushing head ;  
And there the modest wee blue-bell  
Seems hiding from my gaze ;  
Ah, pretty flower ! I loved you well  
In childhood's happy days.

The throstle's song comes from the glen,  
The blackbird's from the brake ;  
And blithe and high the lark's glad notes,  
Surrounding echoes wake.  
My spirit flies, away, away,  
Borne on these joyous lays,  
To other scenes, and other times—  
To childhood's happy days.

Once more I see the dear old cot,  
The cot where I was born ;  
I sit upon the green hill-side,  
Beneath the haunted thorn.  
The little brook runs prattling past,  
Through pleasant winding ways ;  
And seems to tell me tales again  
Of childhood's happy days.

The legends of the olden times  
Seem ringing in my ear ;  
Those thrilling tales of wild romance  
That childhood loves to hear ;  
Of giants grim, and elfin kings,  
And merry sportive fays—  
Fancies that shed enchantment o'er  
Sweet childhood's happy days.

Ah me ! I have grown old and sad—  
I have grown sad and wise ;  
Chained to the sober dull routine  
Of life's realities.  
Yet, sometimes intervals occur,  
When my worn heart obeys  
The impulse strong, that bears it back  
To childhood's happy days.

'Tis sweet to trace our vanished youth,  
And e'en in fancy taste  
The joys that lost and scattered lie  
Along life's arid waste.  
Sweet as the raindrops to the flowers  
Parched by the noon-tide blaze,  
Are these fresh tender memories  
Of childhood's happy days.

Even to the worldly mind they bring  
Some holy thoughts and high,  
That make the firm lip quiver,  
And bring tears into the eye :  
The face grown stern with many a care,  
A gentler look displays,  
When memory to the heart brings back  
Sweet childhood's happy days.



THE MOURNER.

---

**A**N old man sits by a lonely grave,  
And pillows his weary head  
On the rustling grass and the flowers that wave  
O'er the "narrow house" of the dead

The Autumn wind wails round the lonely spot,  
And blows on his temples bare ;  
Still the old man heeds it or feels it not,  
Though it sports with his thin grey hair.

His stricken heart rests in the grave below,  
Where his youth's lost treasures lie ;  
And he dreams of a neck and a brow of snow,  
And a loving dark-blue eye,

And lips as red as the summer rose,  
When wet with the summer rain ;  
Oh, he saw them hushed in the cold repose  
That smiles not, nor speaks again.

And the old man weeps in that lonesome spot,  
And murmurs as if in prayer ;  
And the wind blows on, but he heeds it not,  
Though it sports with his thin grey hair.

He dreams of a cottage far away,  
In a pleasant grassy dell,  
Where the village children met to play,  
When the summer evenings fell.



He remembers one among all the rest—  
A creature of light and joy;  
Oh, of all under Heaven he loved him best,  
His beautiful bright-haired boy!

And the twilight falls on that quiet spot,  
Still the old man lingers there;  
And the wind still blows, but he heeds it not,  
Though it sports with his thin grey hair.

He dreams of the faces he loved to meet,  
As they smiled from the cottage door;  
He remembers the sound of the little feet,  
As they danced o'er the cottage floor;

He remembers the cheek—oh, so bright and fair!  
And the brow—oh, so broad and high!  
And the clustering curls of the sunny hair,  
And the glance of the laughing eye.

And the night has fallen on that lonely spot,  
Still the old man lingers there;  
And the wind still blows, but he heeds it not,  
Though it sports with his thin grey hair.

And the aching void in his heart again  
He feels, as he felt that day  
When his tears, and his grief, and his prayers were  
vain—  
And his darlings were borne away.

Were borne away in death's cold embrace—  
So cherished, so young and fair—  
The gentle wife, with her beautiful face,  
And the child, with golden hair.

And the stars look down on the solemn spot,  
Where the old man kneels in prayer ;  
And the wind still blows, but he heeds it not,  
Though it sports with his thin grey hair.

And the calm moon looks from the autumn sky,  
On the mourner that weeps below ;  
And the wind goes by with a sob and a sigh,  
Like the voice of the mourner's woe.

Still the old man rests by the lonely grave,  
And pillows his weary head  
On the rustling grass and the flowers that wave  
O'er the "narrow house" of the dead.

And the old man sleeps in that quiet spot,  
As sound as the sleepers beneath ;  
And the wind still blows, but it wakes him not,  
For sound is the sleep of death !



## THE LAST FLOWER.

LAST of thy race ! why dost thou linger here ?  
The fierce north wind across the hill is sweep  
The flowers have faded with the dying year—  
Then, why art thou thy cheerless vigil keeping ?

Fair child of summer ! 'tis no time for thee,  
When scarce a sunbeam gilds the gloomy day,  
When no green leaf is rustling on the tree,  
No blithesome bird doth sing the hours away.

The snow is on the hill, and on the plain—  
The dismal plain, so dreary and so bare ;  
It seems as if the Spring might ne'er again  
Clothe the dark earth, or warm the chilly air.

Thou dost not hear the howling of the blast,  
The storm unheeded mutters round thy head ;  
Thou hast no memory of the summer past,  
Of pelting rain, and biting frost no dread.

Thy gentle presence, 'mid the wintry scene,  
Is like a friend's dear face in life's dark day,  
When desolate and cold our lot doth seem,  
And clouds and storms are gathering o'er our way.

A steadfast friend, the truest and the last,  
Who still, tho' fortune's summer vanished be,  
Unshrinking, braves with us the bitter blast,  
Through the cold winter of adversity !

## LITTLE WILLIE GREY.

“**M**Y child, my child, where have you been?”  
An anxious mother said;  
And laid her loving hand upon  
Her little daughter’s head.

“How could you stay away so long?—  
I’ve sought you far and near—  
How could you stay away so long,  
And fill my heart with fear?”

“I have not been so far,” she said,  
And raised her tearful eyes;  
“I’ve only been to see the place  
Where little Willie lies!”

“I’d pluck’d my apron full of flowers,  
Sweet flowers, so fresh and fair;  
And then I thought of brother’s grave,  
And wished that they were there.

“You know he was so fond of flowers,—  
Nay, mother, do not cry,—  
Where he is gone, the flowers, they say,  
Will never droop or die!

“There were so many grave-stones there,  
I could not count them all;  
And some were very large and grand,  
And some were very small.

“ I could not find the one I sought,  
And turned to come away ;  
When on a tiny stone I read  
The name of Willie Grey.

“ ‘ Oh, darling, Willie ! ’ then I cried ;  
And kneeling there I wept,  
And kissed the very grass that grew,  
Where little Willie slept—

“ The grass that grew so long and green,  
And rustled to and fro ;  
And oh, my heart was breaking with  
The thoughts of long ago !

“ I thought of all our pleasant nights,  
And all our happy days ;  
I thought of Willie’s merry tricks,  
And little winning ways.

“ I thought of Willie’s pretty face,  
So innocent and fair ;  
His eyes like blue forget-me-nots,  
And curls of chestnut hair.

“ Oh, pretty little Willie Grey !  
I think I see him now,  
With all his thick and glossy curls,  
Toss’d back from his white brow !

“ He’d such a way of tossing them,—  
Nay, mother, weep not so !  
’Tis where God’s holy angels dwell,  
That he is gone we know !

- “ I laid my flowers upon his grave,  
And slowly turned away,  
And every step, I thought his voice  
Was calling me to stay.
- “ Oh, mother, when the winter comes,  
His grave, no more I'll see ;  
The cold white snow will cover it,  
And hide it all from me.
- “ Oh ! darling little Willie Grey,  
So lonely there, and still—  
And mother, tho' it's summer now,  
The nights are very chill.
- “ But there—I'll speak of him no more,  
It only makes you cry ;  
And yet, we know he's happy now,  
With God, beyond the sky ! ”



## TO MY COUSIN IN AUSTRALIA.

**D**ON'T you mind, cousin Mary, our "Grannie's" old cot  
At the foot of the bonny green hill?—  
'Tis many long years since you left the dear spot,  
But I know you remember it still.

Don't you mind how, whenever we lifted the latch,  
Pleasant voices would answer our call;  
While the sparrows chirped merrily under the thatch,  
In their snug little nests in the wall?

And old Pincher came forth, with a bark and a bound—  
His welcome was loudest for you:  
Ah, Mary! I hope in that strange land you've found  
New friends half as honest and true.

But the welcome we learn'd of all welcomes to prize,  
When we entered that low cabin door,  
Was the smile in our dear "Grannie's" gentle grey eyes—  
Alas! we shall see it no more.

Strange faces now gather around that old hearth;  
Strange footsteps resound on the floor;  
While scattered abroad to the ends of the earth  
Are the dear feet that press'd it of yore.

And thus, Mary dear, I sit musing alone,  
On the days and the years that are past,  
On the joys that have vanished, the friends that have flown,  
Like the leaves whirled away by the blast.

And as memory hovers o'er youth's sunny track,  
When our hearts were all guileless and free ;  
Then I wonder, dear coz, do you ever look back  
To the days ere you crossed the salt sea.

They say, cousin Mary, you're rich as a Jew,  
In that distant and wonderful land ;  
They say you're so handsome—I know that is true—  
So handsome, and stately, and grand !

They say you've grown haughty ; but don't I know well  
It's only that dash of self-will—  
The spirit that shone in the proud little girl  
That I loved on the bonny green hill.

You're my own cousin Mary, whatever they say—  
My own darling cousin ; and still  
I'll believe you as true, o'er the seas far away,  
As you were here at home on the hill.





## WHISPERS ACROSS THE SEA.

---

AIR—Over the Hills and far away.

---

**S**TEALING, stealing across the sea,  
A low, sweet whisper there comes to me ;  
Like the summer wind in the great elm tree,  
A whisper comes stealing across the sea.

Oh, it is not the wind in the tall elm tree,  
The soft south wind, with its melody ;  
'Tis the old home-voices that come to me,  
Stealing in whispers across the sea !

“ Come back to us, come ! ” the voices say,  
“ Long have you dwelt from us far away ;  
Mavourneen, come to the old countrie,”  
Whisper the voices across the sea.

Oh, sweet, sweet voices, I know you well,  
Your tones are sad as a passing bell ;  
As ever, and always, you come to me,  
Stealing, stealing across the sea.

My darling mother, *your* voice I know,  
Oh, mahara dheelish ! 'tis full of woe ;  
Then hush, my heart ! while it speaks to thee  
The voice of the mother across the sea !

"Come back to us, come! we have miss'd you long.  
We have miss'd your laugh, we have miss'd your  
song;  
Come back to us, come then, asthore Machree!"  
Whispers the mother across the sea.

"There's your vacant seat by the old hearth-stone,  
There's your little white chamber all cold and lone,  
There's the flowers that you loved, and the old rose-  
tree;  
They're as fresh as the day you went o'er the sea."

"But I have grown feeble, and old, and grey,  
There's no joy in my heart, since you went away,  
And my eyes, they long for one sight of thee,  
Then come to me, darling, across the sea."

I will come, I will come!—oh, mother dear,  
My heart cannot rest while I linger here,  
For ever, and always, they come to me,  
'These mournful whispers across the sea.

Oh! 'tis not the wind that is whispering to me—  
The lonesome wind in the tall elm tree;  
'Tis the voices I love, in the old countrie,  
Stealing, stealing across the sea.

The voices I loved, when my heart was young,  
Still round that heart have their echoes hung,  
And ever, and always, they come to me,  
In loving whispers across the sea!

## HE'LL NEVER COME AGAIN.

---

AIR—Irish ~~Molly~~.

---

**O**H, widow, with thy patient face,  
And locks all silvered o'er,  
Where is thy young, brave, handsome son—  
Why comes he home no more?  
I miss his light elastic step  
Of late upon the plain;  
Say, widow, say, is he away—  
When will he come again?

All silent flow thy tears, and fast—  
Alas, and is it so!  
He lies upon that distant field  
Where many more lie low.  
Among the brave he fought and fell—  
He sleeps among the slain;  
Aye, mother, weep, thy woe is deep—  
He'll never come again!

I see his cap, his coat, and whip,  
Still hanging on the wall;  
His old grey horse, with drooping head,  
Is standing in the stall.  
For his loved step his faithful hound  
Has waited long in vain:  
Old dog, lie still, and sleep at will—  
He'll never come again!

Cold is thy once bright hearth, poor dame ;  
Thy spinning wheel is dumb ;  
No more is heard at close of day  
Its cheerful, busy hum ;  
Thy feeble, trembling hands essay  
Their wonted task in vain ;  
Thine eyes are dim with tears for him  
Who'll never come again !

The snow lies cold and white around,  
And chilling blows the blast ;  
But winter cannot last so long,  
The sun will shine at last.  
The darkest day will pass away,  
And beauty deck the plain ;  
The vernal spring, fresh flowers will bring,  
But he'll not come again !

To thy lone heart no summer time  
Shall ever more return ;  
But cold, and dark, and desolate,  
Thy spirit still shall mourn—  
For he, the sunshine of thy days,  
Thy shield from grief and pain,  
Thy staff and stay in sorrow's day,  
Will never come again !

Yet, Christian soul, take up thy cross,  
Not far hast thou to go ;  
But few the years thy feet shall tread  
This thorny vale of woe.  
There's One to whom the widow's prayer  
Is never raised in vain ;  
Life's journey o'er, He will restore  
Thy son to thee again !

## THE CATHOLIC POOR OF SALFORD

On the recent severe and dangerous Illness of their beloved  
 Pastor, the Rev. F. J. De C——.

---

“**S**ICK unto death !” they said—our hearts stood still,  
 Faint with a great unutterable woe.  
 “Sick unto death !”—We knew it was God’s will—  
 “God’s hand” we said, “has struck this sudden blow.  
 He to himself our best beloved is taking.”  
 We knew all this, and yet our hearts were breaking !

We spoke of him, when tears would let us speak,  
 His gentle courtesy, his winning grace,  
 His sweet humility, and aspect meek ;  
 The saintly goodness beaming o’er his face ;  
 The loving sympathy of look and tone,  
 When he would make our little griefs his own.

We had but love to give him for the years  
 Of earnest labour he to us had given ;  
 But oh ! how much of love ! our prayers, our tears,  
 Our bursting hearts bear witness before Heaven ;  
 While night and day ascends our anguished cry,  
 “Lord, let our father live, or let *us* die !”

“Leave us our shepherd Lord ! Thou wilt not send  
 To us, so undeserving, such another ;  
 The wisest counsellor, most generous friend,  
 The tenderest father, and the kindest brother.  
 Behold our sorrow ! hear our mournful cry !  
 Leave us our father, Lord, or let us die !”

**I**t was a wild, a rash, presumptuous prayer—  
But we were bound to him by ties so strong,  
**A**nd we had grown beneath his fostering care,  
And leant upon his patient love so long;  
**W**e were so weak, and he so strong, that we  
**C**lung to him, as the ivy to the tree.

**A**nd hour by hour, day after day went by,  
And still his spirit had not passed away,  
**O**h joy! what news is this? he will not die!  
There is a change, a hopeful change to-day!  
If twelve to-night should pass, and life still last,  
Then all immediate danger shall have past.

For many weary nights we had not slept,  
This night of all, we could not, would not sleep—  
For many nights we watched, and prayed and wept,  
This night we'll watch and pray, but shall not weep,  
For dawning hope had chased our tears away,  
As clouds disperse before the rising day.

The hours wore on—How could we wait till morn?  
While doubt and fear, returning to each breast,  
Assailed the timid hope so lately born,  
And heavy grew our hearts, and sore opprest;  
And some of us, with patience scantily blest,  
Resolved to set our doubts at once to rest.


So stealing out into the silent night,  
To our sick father's house our steps drew nigh;  
The moon was up, the stars were shining bright,  
And there was peace profound on earth and sky;  
And peace, like balm, upon our spirits fell,  
As if an angel whispered "All is well!"

And all *was* well—the dangerous crisis past !  
And swiftly spread the joyful news next day,  
That we might wipe our tears away at last,  
For tho' still weak, our dear, good father lay.  
God lent him to his flock a little longer,  
And we must pray that he might soon be stronger.

Yes, all was well ! Oh blessed be His name,  
Who heard with pity our impassioned prayer ;  
When sorrow-stricken to His feet we came,  
He raised us from the darkness of despair ;  
And to our souls did peace and joy restore ;  
Blessed be His name and power for evermore. Amen!



## TAKE IT EASY!

 ROBIN red-breast had a snug little nest,  
In a thicket so close and so warm ;  
And he wondered, no doubt, as he slily looked out,  
And beheld the wild tricks of the storm.  
But he never was sad, tho' the weather was bad ;  
He was happy as happy could be ;  
Still he sang when it blowed, and he laughed when it snowed ;  
What a blithe little robin was he !  
" Oh, life is made of ups and downs,  
Of tranquil days and breezy, O !  
But whether fortune smiles or frowns,  
It's best to take it easy, O !  
Always take it easy, O !  
Always take it easy, O !"  
'Twas Robin's song, the whole day long,  
"It's best to take it easy, O !"

Then at night he had dreams of the pleasant sunbeams,  
As his head nestled under his wing—  
Happy dreams of the flowers and the bright sunny hours  
That were sure to come back with the spring.  
And he sat every morn on the big withered thorn,  
The ancient white-thorn that grew near him,  
Where he poured such a lay, that I stopped on my way  
Many a morning on purpose to hear him



“ Oh, life is made of ups and downs,  
“ Of tranquil days and breezy, O!  
But whether fortune smiles or frowns,  
It's best to take it easy, O!  
Always take it easy, O!  
Always take it easy, O!  
Blow foul or fair, a fig for care—  
It's best to take it easy, O!”

Now, I think, on my word, the dear little bird  
Was wiser than people much older;  
For as sure as I'm here, when the weather's severe,  
If we fret, 'twill seem colder and colder.  
But whatever winds blow, let us sing as we go,  
And laugh at grim care when we meet him—  
He's a surly old boor—not so bad to be sure,  
If with ready good-humour we greet him.  
“ O, life is made of ups and downs,  
Of tranquil days and breezy, O!  
But whether fortune smiles or frowns,  
It's best to take it easy, O!  
Always take it easy, O!  
Always take it easy, O!  
Come rain or snow, come weal or woe,  
It's best to take it easy, O!”



FAITH AND RESIGNATION.

---

Oh, 'tis not in youth's sunny days,  
When every pulse is bounding,  
And pleasure's soft, bewildering haze  
Our path is all surrounding ;  
Not then, but in affliction's hour,  
The Christian's faith is dearest ;  
When sorrow's clouds most darkly lower,  
God's mercies shine the clearest.

'Tis not amid the giddy throng,  
When every lip is smiling,  
When mirth and music, wit and song,  
The moments are beguiling ;  
But 'tis when these have passed away,  
When youth's bright joys have perished,  
And we have lost in life's dark day  
The hopes we fondly cherished.

Oh, then, with torn and bleeding hearts,  
With crushed and wounded feelings,  
We find the balm that Faith imparts,  
We learn her bright revealings ;  
When those we loved the most are gone,  
Or absent, ne'er regret us,  
We lift the stricken heart to One  
Who never will forget us.

Though deepest shadows round us lie,  
And darkness spreads before us,  
We know our Heavenly Father's eye  
Is always watching o'er us—  
We know whate'er He wills is good,  
And we may walk securely ;  
Who to the ravens gives their food,  
Will guard His children surely.

Then let us bow our wishes still  
To His decrees most holy,  
And meet what seems for good or ill  
With spirit meek and lowly ;  
For in the darkest phase of life,  
Though countless ills beset us,  
Through dangers dire, in storm and strife,  
He never will forget us.



## DO I REMEMBER THEE?

---

**D**O I remember thee? Ah, me!  
Thou knowest my heart too well  
To doubt that in its inmost shrine  
Thine image still shall dwell!  
Remembrance is my life's lone star,  
Whose ray, serene and bright,  
Inspires my thoughts of thee by day,  
My dreams of thee by night!

Would'st thou recall our vanished youth,  
Those bright and happy hours  
Ere life's meridian sun had stolen  
The dew from life's spring-flowers?  
No, no; pursue thy chosen path,  
God speed thee on the way;  
Leave me to dream of thee by night,  
To think of thee by day!

Oh, cruel, cruel thus to probe  
The wound thou canst not heal!—  
Do I remember thee? False heart!  
Too cold, too hard to feel  
The darkened lot, the wasted life,  
The grief, the shame, the blight—  
And yet, I think of thee by day,  
I dream of thee by night!

Could time bring back life's early dreams,  
Life's golden hopes once more—  
Ah, who can flush the faded flower  
Its fragrance who restore?  
Be still my heart! be calm and firm,  
And learn at last to say—  
"She's but a dream to me by night,  
A memory by day!"

The flowery chain is broken—crushed—  
That round my heart you wove,  
I would not, if I could, unite  
Those severed links of love.  
Men are not hounds to crouch, though e'en  
A *woman's* hand may smite;  
Yet still I think of thee by day,  
I dream of thee by night!

And, *Mary*, now I give thee back  
Thy girlhood's thoughtless vow—  
I would not one regret should mar  
Thy life's fair sunshine now.  
For me—tho' youth, love, hope, are flown,  
Time ne'er can rob me quite,  
While memory brings thee back by day,  
And happy dreams by night!



## THE DYING BIRCH LEAF.

I WAS born in the spring-time, 'mid sunshine and showers,  
When earth's verdant lap was o'erflowing with flowers;  
Lady Birch was my mother—a tall, graceful tree;  
And I was a giddy thing, thoughtless and free.

I was rocked by the zephyrs all night and all day,  
And my green robe was washed in the dewdrops of May;  
But Spring-time and Summer, and Autumn are past,  
And here, in the ditch, I am dying at last.

Oh, sweet 'twas to listen each bright Summer's morn,  
To the sky-lark's glad note as he rose from the corn;  
And, mellowed by distance, the haymaker's song,  
From pleasant green meadows, came floating along.

Oh, little I thought in those bright sunny hours,  
When heaven was all sunshine and earth was all flowers,  
That soon in the gloom of the dark Winter's day,  
My brief little life should be passing away!

I saw the June roses bud, blossom, and die;  
I heard the loud thunder of sultry July;  
I danced in the sunbeams till August was gone,  
And pensive September came dreamily on.

Still, thoughtless and careless, from troubles still free,  
Time brought neither menace nor message to me;  
Till mournful October, with slow, solemn pace,  
Stole past—how I sighed as I looked in his face!

I looked in his face, and my heart it stood still,  
And the wind as it passed me grew deathly and chill;  
And I felt that my youth and my vigour were o'er,  
And I wept for the days I should see never more.

Then dusky November came, drizzling and drear—  
Dark child of the winter! grim shadow of fear!  
My poor lady mother went sobbing all day,  
As the pitiless wind tore her children away!

Poor belle of the forest, bereft of her charms,  
How wildly despairing she tossed her long arms,  
When I, of her fair cherished children the last,  
Was borne far away on the wings of the blast!

Now I feel that my life is fast ebbing away—  
The shadows close round me, and dark is the day—  
Oh, Winter! Stern Winter, I mourn not to die,  
For better is death than thy pitiless sky!



## THE SONGS OF LONG AGO.

---

AIR—I'm sitting on the stile, Mary.

---

OH, sing to me ; oh, sing again,  
These old familiar lays—  
I love each sweet pathetic strain  
That breathes of other days.  
Well may my heart be deeply moved,  
Well may my tears o'erflow—  
These were the songs my *mother* loved—  
The songs of long ago !

When winter nights were dark and long,  
We'd gather round her knee,  
To listen to the thrilling song  
Of love and chivalry—  
Of noble knights and ladies fair,  
Till our young hearts would glow—  
Oh, wild and sweet, and wondrous were  
These songs of long ago !

Then sing—for, oh, I love to hear  
The songs my mother sung ;  
Whose echoes many a weary year  
Around my heart have hung—  
While wafted to me from above,  
Her sweet voice, soft and low,  
Seems mingling with the music of  
These songs of long ago !



Oh, mother, dear ! your songs are still  
The sweetest songs to me ;  
No songs like them my heart can thrill—  
No modern melody  
Can stir the fountain of my tears,  
Until their waters flow,  
Like these dear songs of by-gone years—  
The songs of long ago !



## WINTER IN EARNEST!

**I** STAND at the window, and sadly look out  
At the snow-flakes so madly careering about ;  
There is snow on the house-top, and snow on the hill,  
And I feel that my blood has grown sluggish and chill ;  
And my voice, when I speak, sounds so husky and low ;  
And my heart has grown cold, as if buried in snow.

Oh, 'tis winter in earnest !

It is winter on land, it is winter at sea,  
Sad winter, dark, dreary, stern winter with me ;  
For my hopes are all faded, my friends are all flown,  
Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is gone ;  
And the storms of adversity blow round my head ;  
And my spirit is broken—life's sunshine has fled !

Oh, 'tis winter in earnest !

As the flowers fade away when the summer is o'er,  
And the song of the wild-bird delights us no more,  
So our fair-weather friends, when misfortune comes on,  
Fall away, one by one, till we stand all alone ;  
And we say, as we mournfully think of the past,  
And shiver and droop in the pitiless blast,

Oh, 'tis winter in earnest !

## MOONLIGHT.

IT is a lovely night in leafy June ;  
The hushed earth slumbering 'neath the starry sky  
In peace profound. It is of night the noon—  
The hour when mourners lie awake and sigh,  
And weep, and gaze into the "stilly night,"  
And watch the pale moon's melancholy light.

Oh, gentle moon ! how truly art thou dear  
To lonely wanderers in this world of change ;  
Thou smilest upon us still from year to year,  
And thy fair face is never dark or strange ;  
Oh, sweet familiar face ! where'er we rove,  
We look on thee, and think of those we love !

We look on thee, and lo, the scenes of youth,  
The buried happiness of by-gone years,  
Rise up in all their freshness, all their truth—  
We gaze upon them through a mist of tears ;  
And shadowy faces, lost to mortal eyes,  
Look down upon us from the tranquil skies !

The pleasant places where our childhood played—  
The lonely haunts, the dreamy solitude,  
The favourite seat, the wild romantic glade  
Deep in the shadowy bosom of the wood ;  
These did we love in youth, and there our dreams  
Were dreamt, beneath thy pure and silvery beams !

Oh, fair enchantress ! how thou dost bring back  
Youth, home, and happiness, and love, and all  
The greenest spots along life's dusty track ;  
Thy fairy beams refusing still to fall  
On aught but pleasant places—Queen of night,  
I hail thee, and I bless thy gentle light!



## THE DUSTER AND THE PAIL.

---

AIR—*Eruisheen Lawn.*

---

**L**ET the lover praise the face  
Of his mistress, and her grace;  
Let the toper praise his flowing mug of ale;  
While, to please poor Betty, I  
Now an humble verse will try  
In honour of the duster and the pail!  
Then Gramachree Mavourneen!  
Your health both night and morning;  
And, Betty, may your strong arm never fail!  
The arm that wins the bread,  
For the mouths that must be fed—  
Then a chorus to the duster and the pail!

Of battles we have sung  
Till the stout old rafters rung,  
And of ships that o'er the stormy ocean sail;  
But now we'll none of these,  
Betty, darling, if you please,  
But a chorus to the duster and the pail!  
Then Gramachree Mavourneen!  
Your health both night and morning;  
And, Betty, may your brave heart never quail;  
While you scrub the whole day long,  
I will cheer you with a song—  
A blithe chorus to the duster and the pail!

May your heart be always light,  
May your eye be always bright,  
May your ruddy cheek with sorrow never pale ;  
Till at last, your scrubbing o'er,  
You resign for ever more  
Your empire o'er the duster and the pail !  
Then Gramachree Mavourneen !  
God grant you night and morning  
A cheerful heart, an arm that will not fail ;  
For right well I know that you  
Have no friends on earth so true  
As your own right hand, your duster and your pail !



## TO AN EDITOR.

UNHAPPY scribbler I,—no verse of mine  
Is worthy in your pages to appear ;  
Altho' my best thoughts in my sweetest rhyme  
I've clothed to please your most fastidious ear,—  
In vain—and are my efforts all in vain ?  
Unknown, unnoticed, must I still remain ?

Oh, crushing thought ! still vainly I essay  
To bring myself before the public eye,  
I'm half inclined to throw my pen away,  
And, like a beaten child, sit down and cry ;  
But while I'm in the scribbling mood to-day,  
If you'll permit me, sir, I'll say my “ say.”

Ah, my poor vanity, my wounded pride !  
My young ambition ! thy aspiring wing  
May droop inert and languid by thy side—  
Thine upward flights can nought but sorrow bring ;  
An Editor may meet thee in thy flight,  
And drag thee down like any schoolboy's kite !

One little drop of wicked “ printer's ink,”  
And pride's once haughty head lies humbled low ;  
And hopes, once fervid, down to zero sink,  
And eyes with bitter tear-drops overflow ;  
The shadowy wreath that seemed to clasp the brow  
Is withered, scattered, soil'd, and trampled now !

Yet "where there is a will there is a way,"  
Says the old proverb—and I say so too,  
And so, dear sir, I mean some other day  
To try what "will" and energy can do ;  
And tho' I try a hundred times in vain—  
Repulsed, not vanquished, I shall try again !





## THE TRYSTING THORN.

Oh, don't you remember that bright little river,  
On whose flowery brink, at the close of the day,  
We often sat watching the wavelets that ever  
Kept racing and chasing each other away ?

And, don't you remember the hill-side so hoary,  
And the wide-spreading hawthorn, oh, Mary, my dear ?  
'Twas there I first told you that magic old story  
That youths love to whisper, and maidens to hear !

'Twas a sweet summer evening—the sun was just sinking,  
The red clouds were fading away in the West ;  
And out came the silent stars, peering and winking,  
As if they suspected the thoughts in my breast !

And, thinking to tell you of all my devotion,  
I tried to remember the words I should say—  
“Oh, Mary, I love you !” but love's wild emotion  
Had swept all my eloquent language away !

And, somehow, since then, I could never know rightly  
What answer you gave me—'twas all like a dream  
Of whispers, and blushes, and stars shining brightly,  
And hawthorn flowers falling in showers on the stream !

Life's Summer is past, love, and sober September  
Now chastens our sunshine with shadows of grey ;  
But still we look back to the Spring, and remember  
The hill and the trysting thorn, far, far away !

## WILL MY DARLING MEET ME THERE?

---

AIR—The Cottage by the Sea.

---

WHEN the morn, with radiant fingers,  
Lifts the veil of night away ;  
When the glistening dewdrop lingers  
On each feathery branch and spray ;  
In the path beside the river,  
When the balmy morning air  
Makes the graceful aspen quiver,  
Will my darling meet me there ?

When the sun's meridian glory  
Falls on river, rock, and brae ;  
When the mountain, grim and hoary,  
Smiles beneath its fervid ray ;  
There's a copse beside the meadow,  
Green, and cool, and silent, where  
E'en at noon, there's deepest shadow—  
Will my darling meet me there ?

When the gentle stars have risen,  
With their soft celestial light,  
Like sweet loving eyes from heaven,  
Watching o'er us through the night ;  
By the garden wall, sweet maiden,  
There are roses fresh and fair,  
Wet with dew, and perfume laden—  
Will my darling meet me there ?

## I SAT LAST NIGHT 'NEATH OUR FAVOURITE TREE.

---

AIR—Burial of Sir John Moore.

---

I SAT last night 'neath our favourite tree,  
With the green branches round and above me,  
And I thought once again you were whispering to me—  
“I love thee! Oh, Mary, I love thee!”

And my heart flew back through the long, long years—  
Flew back over time's dark river—  
To the days ere our young hopes were quenched in tears,  
And we parted, we parted for ever!

Still gleamed in the moonlight the rocks old and grey,  
And the wind through their dark cliffs was sweeping;  
And the little river ran through the meadows, away  
Through the fields where the wild-flowers were sleeping:

And the low murmuring sounds, as they fell on my ear,  
And the leaves as they rustled above me,  
Still bore to my heart that old whisper so dear—  
“I love thee! Oh, Mary, I love thee!”

Oh, sweet are love's whispers 'neath blue starry skies,  
When time, all unheeded, is speeding,  
As we gaze in the depths of dear, eloquent eyes,  
And read all their passionate pleading!

Bright was our youth's morning—unclouded and fair;  
Nor deemed we such fond hearts must sever;  
But the sun of our hopes, in a sea of despair,  
Went down, and we parted for ever!

## A LETTER FROM HOME.

---

'Tis a dark rainy morning, and dreary,  
I'm vex'd, till I'm ready to scold;  
Here I've sat, till my heart has grown weary,  
And my feet are benumbed with the cold.  
I have watched for an hour, ay, and better,  
Still thinking the postman would come,  
And bring me a long, pleasant letter,  
A darling long letter from home.  
Each morning my work I'm neglecting,  
Still thinking the postman will come;  
Still watching, and always expecting  
A darling long letter from home!

There's much that I'd like to be knowing—  
And first, there's the health of poor Jane;  
And Lucy, if she has done growing,  
And has she grown handsome or plain:  
Does Willie get on with his schooling;  
Does Charley still play on the flute;  
Does Harry go on with his fooling,  
And writing love songs to Miss Foote?  
My work every morning neglecting,  
Still thinking the postman will come—  
Still watching, and always expecting  
A darling long letter from home!

They wrote when dear Annie got married—  
'Twas a week after her wedding day,—  
Then they told me their plans had miscarried  
Concerning Miss Isabel Grey.  
How I wish I could only discover  
The name of Kate's tall, dashing beau ;  
And I'd like to hear news of the lover  
Of poor little Bessie Munroe.  
Thus musing and gravely reflecting,  
And wishing the postman would come,  
Here I sit every morning, expecting  
A darling long letter from home !

There, there ! Rat, tat ! Well, I declare, he  
Has letters for Mistress M'Kay ;  
And surely—good gracious !—why, there he  
Is crossing right over this way !  
Rat, tat ! Oh, I'm all in a tremble !  
But really I think it's too bad  
That people can't learn to dissemble,  
And not seem so vulgarly glad.  
Oh, nonsense !—of course there are others  
As glad for the postman to come,  
With gossip from sisters and brothers,  
With darling long letters from home !



## THE DISCONTENTED TREE.

‘**T** WAS in a lonely glen, remote from view,  
A stately tree in quiet beauty grew ;  
Its dark-green branches, widely spreading round,  
In wild luxuriance swept the very ground ;  
The clustering wild-flowers blossomed in its shade,  
And in its boughs the birds their dwellings made ;  
No grief it knew—no envy, care, or strife  
Disturbed the peaceful current of its life !

At last, a wandering stream came through the glen—  
A pleasant gossip from the haunts of men—  
And to the tree it prattled all the day  
Of sunny fields and forests far away ;  
Of fragrant gardens, bright with summer flowers,  
Of towns and hamlets, villages and towers ;  
Of modern mansions gay, and castles hoary—  
Old feudal castles famed in song and story !

And the tree listened—and it sighed ; and then  
It bent its head, and listened still again ;  
Until at length a subtle sadness stole  
Through every fibre to its very soul—  
(No, not its *soul* ! I only mean that part  
Which people call the *core*, or else the heart)—  
Yes, to its heart crept that insidious sadness,  
Where all before was sweet content and gladness ;  
And to the stream it said, “ ’Tis hard that I  
In this secluded spot must live and die ;

Why thus in dull obscurity should hide  
A form that well might be the forest's pride?  
Would I might change this dismal solitude  
For some green park, or some ancestral wood!"

So spoke the tree; and, as it chanced, just then  
There passed that way the fairy of the glen;  
She heard the wish, and straight resolved to grant it,—  
Her favourite pined for change—she would transplant it.

She touched it with her wand, and, lo! it stood,  
One of a thousand, in an ancient wood;  
One of a thousand!—high above the rest  
It raised its haughty head and verdant crest,  
And tossed its lofty branches in the breeze,  
A monarch proud—the king of all the trees!

Now, happy tree, are all thy troubles past,  
And hast thou found thy proper place at last?  
Alas, alas! it grieves me sore to tell  
The cruel fate that our tree befell!

One day, the woodman through the forest strayed,  
His gleaming axe across his shoulders laid;  
The noble tree he happened to espy,  
It's vast proportions pleased his practised eye.  
'Twas not it's beauty charmed him, but its girth—  
The timber it contained, and what 'twas worth!

The axe is sharp, the arm is strong and steady;  
Blow follows blow—a crash—'tis done already.  
And thus, the victim of its foolish pride,  
The fairest tree in all the forest died!

## WAITING FOR ME!

---

Air—Down by the green bushes.

---

**A**s I roamed through the field at the close of the day,  
A beautiful maiden I met by the way;  
With a voice like a linnet still sweetly sang she—  
“Oh, there’s somebody watching and waiting for me!  
Waiting for me, and watching for me—  
Oh, there’s somebody watching and waiting for me!”

“Good evening, fair maiden—Good evening,” said I;  
“Where go you alone, and the night drawing nigh?”  
“I go where yon shadows fall deepest,” said she,  
“Where there’s somebody watching and waiting for me!  
Waiting for me, and watching for me—  
Oh, there’s somebody watching and waiting for me!”

“And who is that somebody? Tell me!” I said;  
“And what is that somebody’s name, pretty maid?”  
“Oh, don’t you know Jamie, my Jamie?” said she,  
“The dear lad that’s watching and waiting for me;  
Waiting for me, and watching for me—  
Oh, there’s somebody watching and waiting for me!”

“Fair maiden,” said I, “I have riches in store,  
I have lands and free houses, and many things more;  
Of these you’ll be mistress, if mine you will be,  
And leave Jamie watching and waiting for thee;  
Watching for thee, and waiting for thee—  
You’ll forget him, I know, when you’re married to me.”



Then she looked in my face, and I wish you had seen  
How she drew herself up with the air of a queen :  
“ Forget my own true love !—forget him for thee !  
God bless him, dear laddie, he’s waiting for me ;  
    Waiting for me, and watching for me—  
    False stranger, your riches are nothing to me !

“ My Jamie has goodness, and honour, and truth,  
And virtue, and valour, and beauty, and youth ;  
With these for my fortune, right happy I’ll be ;  
So I’m coming, my laddie, I’m coming to thee !”  
    And she tripp’d away gaily, still singing with glee,  
    “ Oh, there’s somebody watching and waiting for me ! ”



## KATHLEEN O'HARE.

---

AIM—*Jessie of Bunblane.*

---

SHE'S a bright little jewel,  
As fair as she's cruel,  
There stands not her equal from Antrim to Clare;  
So neat and so pretty,  
So winsome and witty,  
Is that dear little Kathleen, sweet Kathleen O'Hare !

Her neck is the whitest,  
Her eyes are the brightest,  
Her dark drooping lashes are love's silken snare;  
And the brown ringlets twining,  
And waving and shining,  
Fall down to the small waist of Kathleen O'Hare !

She dances so lightly,  
So graceful, so sprightly,  
Every step, every whirl, has it's own killing air;  
And she wins hearts so sweetly,  
And wounds them so neatly,  
Even blest are the victims of Kathleen O'Hare !

Sure, my heart's nearly broken,  
And by that same token  
I rove, like the wandering Jew, here and there;  
Still waiting and watching,  
For the bare chance of catching,  
My doom, from the dark eyes of Kathleen O'Hare !

But I'll just give her warning,  
This good Sunday morning,  
That I watched her manœuvres last week at the fair  
With Felix and Barney—  
Bad luck to their blarney,  
They've bothered the wits of young Kathleen O'Hare !

Sure, there's no use in sighing,  
Adoring, and dying—  
For she laughs at my sorrow, and scorns my despair ;  
So I'll bless her, and leave her,  
The darling deceiver !  
Oh, it's death to be near her, sweet Kathleen O'Hare !



## SISTERLY SYMPATHY.

So, Tommy dear, you're come at last ;  
Now sit you down, I pray,  
And tell me all about it, Tom ;  
I've waited all the day,  
And watched the gate, and wondered why  
You stayed so long away.

You've been to uncle Harry's, Tom ;  
Ha, ha ! I knew it well,  
I guessed in the morning, Tom,  
Although you wouldn't tell.  
And how is uncle Harry, Tom ?  
And how is cousin Bell ?

You're looking very serious, Tom,  
There's "something in the wind ;"  
Was uncle Harry surly, Tom ?  
Was cousin Bell unkind ?  
Come, make a full confession, Tom,  
And ease your troubled mind !

Dear Bell, I'm sure, is always kind,  
And innocent, and gay ;  
But "uncle was so very cross,"  
That, sir, you "came away  
Discouraged." Ah, you silly Tom !  
But what did Bella say ?

You always were a foolish Tom!—

There, do not shake your head,—

Make haste, I'm growing sleepy, Tom,

It's time to go to bed ;

Make haste and tell me every word

The little darling said.

“She only blushed and sighed”—ha, ha!

And turned her head away ;

A very proper answer, Tom,

I once heard father say—

'Twas such an answer mother gave

When asked to name the day !”

A very pretty answer, Tom—

I'm really satisfied—

A sweet and modest answer, Tom—

“She only blushed and sighed !”

I'll get the old house ready, Tom,

To welcome home the bride !



## WHERE ARE THE BIRDS AND FLOWERS?

---

(MOTHER AND CHILD.)

---

CHILD.

**I** WONDER where the birds are gone—  
Dear, merry little things!—  
I fear the storm has killed them all,  
Or broke their pretty wings.  
I never hear their pleasant songs  
Now floating on the air;  
But maybe they have flown away—  
Oh, mother, tell me where?

MOTHER.

Why, some, my child, in hollow trees  
Are sheltered from the cold;  
Some sleep beneath the farmer's eaves,  
And some are rovers bold.  
These last have crossed the stormy seas  
A sunnier land to find;  
Away! away! how happy they  
To leave the cold behind!

But when our own sweet Spring comes back,  
When skies are bright and blue,  
When soft south winds return, we'll find,  
The birds returning too.  
Then wood, and copse, and fragrant hedge,  
With melody shall ring,  
Each tiny throat, with gladsome note,  
Shall hail the happy Spring!

CHILD.

But ah, the pretty gentle flowers !  
Alas, dear mother, they  
Had no swift wings to bear them safe,  
To warmer lands away.  
I've watched them drooping day by day,  
I've seen each lovely head  
Bowed to the blast, that whistled past—  
Now surely they are dead !

MOTHER.

Not so, my child ; they are not dead,  
They've only gone to rest ;  
They've cast their summer garments off,  
And sought their mother's breast.  
The earth their mother is ; and she,  
Within her bosom deep,  
All snug and warm, from snow and storm  
Her children safe will keep.

And when the birds come back again,  
When skies are bright and blue ;  
When soft south winds return, we'll find  
The flowers returning too.  
On sunny slopes, in shady nooks,  
We'll find them as we pass ;  
And at our feet, their faces sweet  
Among the tender grass.

And when the joyful song of birds  
Is borne upon the air ;  
When flowers are blooming round us,  
And all nature's face is fair,  
Let us, my child, with grateful hearts,  
Through all the pleasant hours,  
Remember 'tis the great, good God  
Who sends the birds and flowers !

## MEET ME BY THE ABBEY WALL!

---

AIR—~~F~~ Mother came when stars were paling.\*

---

**M**ARY, will you meet me? Will you  
Come when falls the twilight grey?  
Dearest, I have much to tell you;  
Will you surely meet me, say?  
By the ruined Abbey yonder,  
Where the deep'ning shadows fall,  
There, unnoticed, we may wander  
By the lonely Abbey wall!  
Will you meet me, Mary? Meet me  
By the ruined Abbey wall!

There the brooding owl is sitting  
Like a hermit at a tomb;  
And the dusky bat goes flitting  
Through the evening's solemn gloom:  
There the path is strewn with brambles—  
There the weeds grow rank and tall,  
And the dark-green ivy scrambles  
O'er the ancient Abbey wall!  
And you'll meet me there? You'll meet me  
By the ruined Abbey wall!

\* Better known, perhaps, as "The Fairy Boy."



"No!" you say. Ah, Mary, wherefore  
Fear to tread that holy place?  
There the Saints are sleeping; therefore  
All such timid fancies chase.  
Witch or warlock, ghost or fairy  
Comes not there, my love, at all;  
But the blessed angels, Mary,  
Guard that holy Abbey wall!  
Then you'll meet me, dearest? Meet me  
By the ruined Abbey wall!

Yes, you'll come! I see you're thinking  
That you cannot well say no!  
Come, then, when the sun is sinking  
Yon dark western hill below.  
When the bee is homeward roaming,  
And the dew begins to fall;  
I'll await my darling's coming  
By the ruined Abbey wall!  
And you'll meet me, love? You'll meet me  
By the ruined Abbey wall!



OCTOBER.

---

**T**HE Summer's bloom and brightness all are past,  
And Autumn's darkening shadows come and go ;  
The wild wood echoes to the sounding blast,  
And the dry leaves are scattered to and fro.  
All sear and brown,  
They flutter down  
From topmost branch and spray ;  
And through the trees  
The mournful breeze  
Goes sighing all the day—  
And sobbing all the day ;  
“ Summer has passed away,”  
Says the sad breeze,  
As through the trees  
It murmurs all the day !

“ O'er grim old mountains I have sped along,  
Through dim old forests I have wandered too ;  
Hushed is the insect's hum, and hushed the song  
Of birds, that warbled all the summer through.  
And I can trace  
On Nature's face  
Sad tokens of decay !”  
Thus through the trees  
The Autumn breeze  
Complaineth all the day ;  
The weary, dreary day—  
“ The birds have flown away !”  
Murmurs the breeze  
That through the trees  
Complaineth all the day !

The heath is withered on the distant hills,  
The heath that, in its purple beauty glowing,  
In summer shook its bells upon the rills,  
And kiss'd the silvery waves as they were flowing !  
The waves now leap,  
And roar, and sweep,  
And headlong rush away ;  
And through the trees  
The mournful breeze  
Goes sighing all the day,  
And wailing all the day !  
" All fair things fade away !"  
Whispers the breeze  
That through the trees  
Goes sighing all the day !

Hark ! 'tis the sportsman's gun !—the birds take wing,  
And, panic-stricken, circle round and round ;  
In vain, in vain ! that deadly aim will bring  
Their glossy plumage to the dusty ground !  
See, there they lie !  
They gasp—they die !  
Poor harmless victims they !  
Still through the trees  
The mournful breeze  
Goes sighing all the day,  
Complaining all the day,  
Sobbing its life away !  
And naked trees,  
And mournful breeze,  
Sing dirges all the day !

# BATTLE BALLADS, &c.

BY

ARTHUR M. FORRESTER.



## DEDICATION.

---

**E**RIN, dear land ! each thought, each wish of mine,  
Since I first learnt to lisp them, have been thine !  
Entranced I've heard the soul - inspiring story  
Of thy past might, thy splendour, and thy glory ;  
The story of those days when thy green sod,  
By brave and free men only had been trod !  
And bitter thoughts upon me crowded fast  
When I compared the present with the past ;  
So, burning with the memory of thy wrongs,  
I breathed my angry spirit in these songs !

Perchance my metred musings may be read  
When he who wrote them sleepeth with the dead ;  
If in that day my country shall be free,  
Let him who readeth them remember me—  
And think of me as one whose heart and hand  
Were pledged and given to the dear old land !  
But if my country still doth bear the chain,  
Let them be burnt—I've written them in vain !

ARTHUR M. FORRESTER.



# Battle Ballads, &c.

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## GREEN INNISFAIL.

---

AIR—You'll soon forget Kathleen.

---

OUR native land lies, boys, far over the ocean :  
'Tis years since we gazed on our darling old hills ;  
Yet we think of it still with the same warm devotion—  
The love we bore then in each bosom yet thrills.  
And to-night we have met—scattered children of Ireland,  
With hearts that no terror or danger can quail,  
To breathe a fond prayer for our far-distant sireland,  
And to sing the loved music of Green Innisfail !

What though he be of one creed and I of another,  
We both have sprung forth from the same fertile soil ;  
So I take his strong hand in the grasp of a brother,  
And brothers together in future we'll toil.  
When a stranger comes near at the hour of our meeting,  
At the creed he professes no tongue seeks to rail ;  
But we one and all give him a warm welcome greeting,  
If we know that his birth-place was Green Innisfail !

We will sing the old songs of our country's past glory,  
Which through ages of gloom a bright halo hath shed ;  
And each eye shall flash bright at the soul-stirring story  
Of the deeds of the mighty whose spirits have fled.  
We will sing of our wrongs till each bright eye shall glisten,  
As the mournful tones rise like a funeral wail ;  
And every stranger who pauseth to listen  
Shall weep with the exiles from Green Innisfail !



Our native land lies, boys, far over the ocean,  
But the love that we bear it can never decay ;  
See, each trembling lip quivers with heartfelt emotion,  
As we think of our boyhood's home, far, far away !  
Companions in exile, and brothers in sorrow,  
We meet, scattered sons of the brave Clan-na-Gac!,  
To watch and to wait for the glorious morrow  
When our arms shall be needed in Green Innisfail !



## THE IRISH BRIGADE.

---

AIR—*Sprig of Shillelah.*

---

**W**HEN in sorrow and darkness they left their lov'd home,  
They won, far away o'er the ocean's bright foam,  
A bright wreath of laurels that never shall fade !  
A' shelter they found from fair France and proud Spain,  
So their honour and glory they fought to maintain ;  
And wherever the Sassenach showed his false face,  
'Twas to meet the avengers of Erin's disgrace,  
And front the bright steel of the Irish Brigade !

Oh, wild was their rush and exultant their shout,  
When the signal to charge from the bugle rang out—  
Sure a demon of hate grasped each glittering blade !  
They thought of the land they had left o'er the sea,  
And the brave who had perished, dear Erin, for thee ;  
Then one cheer for ould Ireland, one curse on her foes,  
Like the peal of the thunder, to Heaven arose  
From the lips and the hearts of the Irish Brigade !

When France, torn and bleeding, her chivalry slain,  
Lay gasping and beaten on Fontenoy's plain,  
Not vain the appeal that her proud monarch made ;  
The war-cry of Erin—their wild slogan rang,  
Bearing terror to England, as swiftly they sprang  
From their feet to the charge, and with avalanche might  
Swept down on their foemen, who scattered in flight,  
Borne back by the steel of the Irish Brigade !

Then here's to the fame of our faithful and brave—  
Unforgotten they rest, though across the deep wave,

In far-distant lands are their weary bones laid !

Oh, long be remembered the lesson they taught,  
They loved their green island and died as they ought,  
With their face to the foemen unconquered they fell ;  
May we fight the battle of freedom as well,

'Neath the flag that was borne by the Irish Brigade !



## RAPPAREE SONG.

---

AIR—To the West, to the West.

---

COME up, comrades, up, see the night draweth on,  
And the black shadows loom upon fair Slieve-na-mon  
The darkness is creeping o'er mountain and vale,  
And our footsteps are drowned in the roar of the gale.  
The proud Saxon rests in the valley below,  
And his slumbering guards never dream of a foe;  
Then up, comrades, up, ere the bright sun appears,  
We'll have vengeance galore for the sufferings of years !

They have plundered our homes, boys, and left us to die  
Of famine and want 'neath the cold winter sky ;  
Our homesteads are blazing, our altars o'erthrown,  
And 'tis treason to ask or to hope for our own !  
Our kinsmen lie food for the ravens and crows,  
They asked but for bread, and were answered with blows ;  
And because we won't perish whilst feasting they be,  
Oh, robbers, and traitors, and cut-throats are we !

We're robbers—to take back our own from their hand !  
We're traitors—because we are true to our land !  
And cut-throats—ha, ha ! boys, the tyrants can feel  
That we, like themselves, have a point to our steel !  
They have hunted us down, boys, for many a day,  
To-night they shall find we are fearless as they ;  
For we'll bend to the yoke of no tyrant we swear,  
Whilst we've arms that can strike, boys, or hearts that can dare !

## O'NEILL'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

---

AIR—Scots Wha Hae's.

---

GALLANT sons of Innisfail,  
 Ye whose brave hearts never quail,  
 Though no glittering coats of mail  
     Their proud throbbings hide ;  
 Hark ! yon distant sullen hum—  
 'Tis the rolling of the drum ;  
 See, our Saxon foemen come  
     In their wrath and pride !

Meet them, comrades, face to face,  
 Meet them as becomes your race,  
 Let no cowardly disgrace  
     Blot our spotless name !  
 Front to front unshrinking stand,  
 Strain each sinew, nerve each hand !  
 Strike for God and Fatherland,  
     Liberty and Fame !

Comrades, they are still the same  
 As when years ago they came  
 To our shores, and plague and flame  
     Followed in their track !  
 By the still uncanceled debt  
 Of revenge we can't forget,  
 By the ills we suffer yet,  
     Drive them headlong back !

As when angry billows leap,  
Like proud chargers from the deep,  
Angrier, mightier tempests sweep,  
    Dash them into spray !  
So their glittering waves of steel  
Soon our whirlwind charge shall feel,  
Till their mail-clad columns reel,  
    Scattered in dismay !

Fling your emerald banners high ;  
Victors stand, or conquering die—  
Hark ! Tyrconnel's battle-cry  
    Echoing once more !  
Onward for the land that gave  
Birth to you—her children brave,  
Onward, till each hireling slave  
    Welters in his gore !

Strike, that Innisfail may be  
Still a nation proud and free—  
Strike, and fear not ! Victory  
    Waits on every blow !  
Strike that we may never roam  
Exiles o'er the sea's white foam ;  
Strike together, and strike home—  
    Vengeance on the foe !



## OUR LAND SHALL BE FREE (1798).

---

AIR—O'Connell's Song.

---

**R**IGHTLY our swords in the sunlight are gleaming,  
Mountain and valley re-echo our tread,  
Proudly above us the sunburst is streaming,  
Firm is each footstep, erect every head.  
Ages of trampled right lend our arms three-fold might,  
Slaves to the stranger no longer we'll be,  
Soon shall the foeman fly, when our fierce battle-cry  
Waketh the nation—Our land shall be free!

We think of our kinsmen and brothers now pining  
In the cold gloomy dungeons of England afar,  
And we swiftly strike home with our steel brightly shining,  
For we know that each blow, brothers, loosens a bar!  
What though our force be few, each man is tried and true—  
England's base hirelings we'll drive in the sea;  
On to the contest then, up with the green again,  
Death to the tyrant—Our land shall be free!

The spirit of Brian is hovering o'er us,  
And the shades of our fathers arise from their graves;  
Trembling we'll drive the base foeman before us,  
Whilst there's blood in our veins we will never be slaves!  
Erin has bent too long under a load of wrong,  
But now she rises erect from her knee,  
And by the God who gave strength to the true and brave,  
Death will be ours, or—Our land shall be free!

England no longer can mock or deride us,  
Fain would she bribe, but she pleadeth in vain ;  
Factions or chieftains no more can divide us,  
True to one course we shall ever remain !  
Yes ; to our native land faithful till death we stand,  
Freedom, not faction, our motto will be ;  
Ye who would fain divide, traitors all stand aside,  
Soldiers, press onward—Our land shall be free !





## THE PRINCE AND THE PEOPLE.

**H**ELOTS of Ireland, bow down to the stranger;  
Bondsmen and serfs, bend the sycophant knee,  
And forget the brave hearts that have dared every danger,  
And fearlessly suffered that ye might be free !  
Let their fame be forgotten, their names be unspoken,  
Sad and lone let them rest in their cold prison graves ;  
Or, should the last sleep of our martyrs be broken,  
Let it be by the shouts that proclaim ye are slaves !

Aye, shout, though oppression stalks over the old land,  
Though thousands are leaving our desolate isle ;  
Aye, shout till your cheers tell the world ye have sold land,  
Faith, honour, and truth for a Prince's false smile !  
The iron has entered your souls, and for ever  
Its impress shall brand you as false to your race ;  
And though years may roll over, the people shall never  
Forgive your dishonour, forget your disgrace !

Then shout, helots, shout, though each banner that dances  
Round the path of the Prince is the alien red ;  
Aye, merrily shout, though yon glittering lances  
Are dyed in the blood of our innocent dead !  
Kiss the ground at his feet, though the soldiers that guard  
him  
Your kinsmen unarmed and defenceless have slain ;  
He mocketh our tears, but like dogs ye reward him,  
And grovel to those who have laughed at our pain !

But, since you've betrayed them, false cowards, remember  
The people and ye are no longer the same ;  
And every heart where one flickering ember  
Of freedom exists feels contempt for your shame !  
Then, go, join the ranks of the knaves who have bartered  
Their birthright of freedom for titles and gold ;  
But we will forsake not the cause of our martyred,  
Though their glory to-day is unsung and untold !

For when ye, recreant slaves, and your works shall have  
perished,  
When the Prince and his courtiers shall sleep in the grave,  
The fame of our murdered ones still will be cherished,  
And treasured with pride by our faithful and brave !  
In honourless tombs all its foes shall lie rotten,  
But the cause that they died for, triumphant and grand  
Shall survive, when both princes and kings are forgotten,  
And the sunrise of Liberty dawns on our land !



OUR FLAG WAVES TRIUMPHANTLY  
STILL.

SONG OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

AIR—*♩* Health, Gallant Erin, to thee!

**B**EAR it up, bear it up through the clouds of the battle,  
On, on, through the smoke and the glare;  
Though in hail-storms the balls from yon black ramparts rattle,  
We will plant it triumphantly there !  
Though now, by the eddying war-dust beclouded,  
'Twas lost at the base of yon hill,  
See now on its summit, in flame-wreaths enshrouded,  
Our flag waves triumphantly still—  
It waveth victorious still,  
As some day in Ireland it will !

'Tis the flag that our sires and our grandsires fought under,  
The flag that our children shall bear ;  
The flag that shall wave when the cannon's dread thunder  
Sends a message of death through the air !  
'Twill be borne o'er the foam-crested waves of the ocean,  
And true hearts in Ireland shall thrill  
When they see in the isle of their love and devotion  
Our flag wave triumphantly still !  
                  'Twill flutter in Ireland, boys, still,  
                  Yes, comrades, we swear that it will !



## ERIN MACHREE (1798).

THE sun had gone down in a halo of glory,  
And cast, as it vanished, one lingering ray  
On the dark field of battle, where, silent and gory,  
The brave who had fallen for Fatherland lay.  
Then close round the fires where the weary were sleeping,  
And the Angel of Death his stern vigil was keeping,  
We gathered together in silence, and weeping  
For the brave who had fallen for Erin Machree !

From the first early dawn of the morn we had battled,  
Till the mantle of night hid the sun from our gaze ;  
We shrank not though balls in one leaden shower rattled,  
And the fire of the foe was a red endless blaze.  
Like waves 'gainst a rock on the foemen before us  
We charged side by side with the green banner o'er us ;  
Whilst the boom of our guns pealed a thundering chorus  
That spoke of the wrongs of our Erin Machree !

But vain was our hot blood poured freely as water,  
Ah! vainly it crimsoned the emerald plains ;  
When the bright sun sank down on the black scene of slaughter,  
'Twas to rise the next morn on a nation in chains !  
Oh ! better be laid with the dead or the dying,  
The wild winds a requiem over us sighing,  
Than linger to see, in the bloody dust lying,  
The darling old banner of Erin Machree !

Yet weep not though dark be the clouds of our sorrow,  
Though slavery's midnight surroundeth us fast ;  
Each cloud hath a bright side, each night hath a morrow—  
That morning must dawn on our country at last !  
Our hopes are undimmed, e'en in dying we breathe them,  
Our swords are untarnished, and so we bequeathe them  
To our sons, who some bright morn will proudly unsheathe  
them  
To strike down the tyrants of Erin Machree !

Then lift up our shot-shattered flag, boys, for never  
So low in the dust shall that banner be seen,  
For we and our sons, aye, and their sons, shall ever  
Be faithful to Erin and true to the Green !  
And soon our brave soldiers, with eyes proudly beaming,  
With spirits unconquered and bright bayonets gleaming,  
Shall march 'neath its broad folds triumphantly streaming,  
To battle and conquer for Erin Machree !



## AN EXILE'S LAST LETTER.

---

**D**ROTHER, achora ! they tell me I'm dying,  
They say that my life draweth fast to its close ;  
That soon in the cold, silent grave I'll be lying,  
Far away from this cruel world's sorrows and woes !

They bid me prepare for the dark, gloomy morrow,  
But my thoughts are across the deep sea far away,  
And my heart is so riven and torn with its sorrow,  
That I cannot be heeding the words that they say.

When I left the old country in sorrow and danger,  
One hope kept the hot bitter tears from my eyes ;  
And for years in the land of the cold-hearted stranger  
Its magical whisper forbade them to rise.

In sickness and hunger, in trouble and sadness,  
I thought of a beautiful land in the west,  
And my sorrowful heart has grown light with the gladness  
Of thinking at last on its bosom to rest.

Bright fancy has pictured the home of my childhood,  
The cot of my fathers arose on my view,  
The heather-clad mountains, the dark, tangled wildwood,  
And the friends I had ever found faithful and true.

And hope's cheerful voice then hath whispered unto me—  
“ You'll return to that beautiful land far away,  
When the clouds of oppression that hang dark and gloomy  
Above and around it have melted for aye ! ”

But now, oh ! how fastly my hopes all are ending,  
And fading away in the mists of the night ;  
Already the shadows of death are descending,  
To hide the old country for e'er from my sight.

Oh ! my heart nearly breaks when I think I'll be lying  
'Neath the sod of the stranger by whom we're oppressed,  
When for long weary years I've been hoping and sighing  
At last in the land of my fathers to rest !

Misfortunes may sunder the best friends for ever,  
The sea roll between them for many a mile ;  
But no ocean can part, no misfortune can sever  
The true Irish heart from its own native isle !

God bless the old land, and the noble hearts in it  
That hope for its welfare, and hope not in vain,  
For the dark clouds around it grow less every minute,  
And the sunburst of hope smiles upon it again.

So, brother, agra ! although far from old Ireland,  
Alone in the land of the cold Sassenach,  
The last words I breathe are a prayer for my sireland,  
“ Dear home of my forefathers, Erin-go-Bragh ! ”





## IRISH BATTLE SONG.\*

---

AIR—BOYNE WATER.

---

**H**URRAH! we stand on Irish land,  
Our hated foe before us—  
And once for all, to rise or fall,  
The green flag flying o'er us!  
We've raised it proudly overhead—  
God prosper our endeavour,  
And grant us strength and unity  
To keep it there for ever!

We marched away at break of day,  
And sweethearts left behind us,  
To strike one blow at yon false foe  
Whose rusty fetters bind us.  
For whilst we bear the name of men,  
We'll crouch no more as slaves, boys!  
No! Ireland must be free again  
Or we'll be in our graves, boys!

We've listened long to traitors mean  
False England's scarlet praising,  
We've heard them mock our Irish Green  
Until our blood seemed blazing!  
And chieftains, too, who should be true,  
Have kept our ranks asunder;  
But Faction's sound to-day is drowned  
In Freedom's battle thunder!

\* The reader may fix any date he chooses to the song, but I hope he won't be so wicked as to imagine that it applies to the present time—*Thiggin Thu*.

Then here's hurrah for all the brave,  
No matter who may lead 'em ;  
And here's a curse on every slave  
Who mars the cause of Freedom !  
Let leaders vain aside remain,  
Until their feuds are ended ;  
'Tis by the man who knows no clan  
Our cause must be defended !

We've men from Galway and Kildare ,  
From Cork and Londonderry,  
We've ramblers from the county Clare,  
And mountaineers from Kerry.  
We'll chase our alien foes away,  
We'll tear our bonds asunder ;  
We care not who's to lead to-day,  
*We'll* fight and conquer under !



## OH, SAY, HAS THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY FLED ?

---

**O**H, say, has the spirit of Liberty fled  
From the hearts of the sons of our isle ?  
Is the glorious might of our ancestors dead,  
Or doth it but slumber awhile ?  
Oh ! think of the brave who sleep in the grave—  
Have they fallen for Erin in vain ?  
Have our courage and pride with our ancestors died,  
That so tamely we carry the chain ?

See the patriot soldiers of far-distant lands  
The chains of their tyrants have broke ;  
Have we blood in our veins, have we strength in our hands,  
And still bear an alien yoke ?  
If we truly are men, we will rise once again ;  
And the flag that our ancestors bore  
Shall float in the breeze, round our shores and our seas,  
Triumphant and grand as of yore !

Come, brothers, arise in your glory and might,  
Fling the green banner out on the air ;  
Beneath it we'll conquer once more for the right—  
By the blood of our fathers we swear !  
Arise ! men arise ! let your shouts rend the skies !—  
Hurrah for the cause of the brave !  
Hurrah for the pike and the arms that can strike,  
And death to each traitor and knave !

## THE LAND OF THE WEST.

AN OLD MAN'S THOUGHTS OF IRELAND.

**L**IKE a gem it peeps out on the ocean's dark breast,  
And at night on its bosom the bright fairies rest ;  
The Angels that dwell far above in the skies  
Look down on it often with pitying eyes.  
And sure, though the angels are spotless and fair,  
There are maidens as lovely and virtuous there ;  
Its sons are as brave, and as honest, and true,  
As ever the world since its infancy knew ;  
But no nation on earth is so sorely oppressed  
As the home of my boyhood—dear Land of the West !

For seven hundred years have her sons strove in vain,  
Each struggle but added a link to her chain ;  
Yet they ne'er were subdued, though they slumbered awhile—  
Oh ! nothing could crush the brave hearts of our isle !  
They hated the yoke from the hour of their birth,  
Though 'twas hid like a fire in the depths of the earth ;  
They drew in this hate with their very first breath,  
And it never went out till the hour of their death !  
Crushed, crippled, and fettered by traitors and knaves,  
Still in heart and in spirit they never were slaves ;  
Oh, of all hearts the noblest, the truest, the best,  
Were the brave hearts that beat in the Land of the West !

They say that their flag will once more be unfurled,  
And the sons of the old land all over the world  
Will rush to the battle of freedom once more,  
With a strength that the world never dreamt of before!  
And they tell me a tale that is old unto me,  
Of gallant men murdered or sent o'er the sea;  
And of sleek, smiling knaves, who, well housed and well fed,  
Preach content to a people who famish for bread!  
May a nation's curse blight them, whoever they be,  
Who would teach us to bend to the tyrant the knee;  
And may those brave spirits be succoured and blest,  
Who still strive for their own darling Land of the West!



## THE FELONS OF OUR LAND.

---

AIR—Guld Lang Syne.

---

**W**ILL up once more, we'll drink a toast  
To comrades far away—  
No nation upon earth can boast  
Of braver hearts than they.  
And though they sleep in dungeons deep,  
Or flee, outlawed and banned,  
We love them yet, we can't forget  
The felons of our land !

In boyhood's bloom and manhood's pride,  
Foredoomed by alien laws,  
Some on the scaffold proudly died  
For holy Ireland's cause.  
And, brothers, say, shall we to-day  
Unmoved, like cowards, stand,  
Whilst traitors shame, and foes defame  
The felons of our land ?

Some in the convict's dreary cell  
Have found a living tomb,  
And some unseen, unfriended, fell  
Within the dungeon's gloom !  
Yet, what care we, although it be  
Trodden by a ruffian band—  
God bless the clay where rest to-day  
The felons of our land !

Let cowards sneer and tyrants frown,  
Oh, little do we care—  
A felon's cap's the noblest crown  
An Irish head can wear !  
And every Gael in Innisfail  
(Who scorns the serf's vile brand),  
From Lee to Boyne, would gladly join  
The felons of our land !



## THE SISTERS.



**S**o you ask me, you rascal, to tell you which damsel has  
smitten my heart?  
And which of your beautiful sisters possesses the tenderest  
part?  
Your question is rather unfair, sir, but, as I've no reason to  
fear,  
I'll give you my honest impressions,—so listen, ma bouchal,  
and hear:—

Now, Maggie, the eldest and solemn, with lustrous unread-  
able eyes,  
In whose dark and unfathomed recesses such sorrowful  
mystery lies,  
May please little Tom, the romantic—'twill be a bad case  
with him soon—  
But I am a commonplace mortal, not given to praising the  
the moon.

There's Mary, she's rather ambitious, and almost as proud  
as she's fair,  
And heiress to so many mansions, though built, you must  
know, in the air,  
That I, who am poor and untitled, and somewhat Republican  
too,  
For my life dare not think of a maiden whose taste is so  
royally blue.



Fair Annie, the smiling and merry, whose eyes seem a depôt  
of fun,  
Whose lips ever tremble with laughter from rising to setting  
of sun,  
Has so conquered the heart of young Philip, that, faith,  
'twould be really a sin,  
Supposing her own heart is open, for me to attempt to step  
in !

Dark Norah, the dreamy and silent, though lovers in plenty  
she's had,  
Is only a second edition of Maggie, the mystic and sad ;  
And Johnny, the rogue from Kilkenny, is storming her  
heart with such skill,  
He's effected some breaches already, and conquer it surely  
he will.

There is but another, the youngest, the fairest, the dearest  
of all,  
Whose name is too sweet to be written with ink manufac-  
tured from gall.  
Of course you can tell it already, to you I've no need to  
confess,  
But other inquisitive fellows can only imagine and guess.

The beauties and charms of her sisters, each soul-thralling  
sweetness and grace,  
Are linked in her fairy-like figure, and beam from her  
beautiful face ;  
And then she is *minus* ambition, and not at all prone to  
romance,  
Although she might shine as a countess, or might as a  
duchess entrance.

They say she's one fault, but, ma bouchal, I care not a fig  
what they say,  
'Tis a fault that I hope may continue to haunt her for many  
a day;  
Her heart is so given to Erin, its freedom, its beauty, its  
songs,  
That she smiles but for Ireland's successes, and weeps but  
for Innisfail's wrongs !

And so you may tell foppish Joseph, and John with the  
fortune in store,  
And black-whiskered James the majestic, and a dozen or  
two dozen more,  
That they need'nt be hovering round her, with Anglicised  
phrases and ways—  
One song of the old land is dearer to her than their flatter-  
ing praise !



REMEMBER ALLEN !  

---

**R**'EMEMBER Allen, when the clouds hang black  
Over the cause for which his blood was shed ;  
Like a bright star, to mark the patriot's track,  
Will gleam the memory of the noble dead.  
And never shall the cause for which he wrought,  
And which his martyrdom has sanctified,  
Be crushed or lost—the lesson which he taught  
Shall be remembered, though the teacher died !

Died like a soldier ! 'twas no felon's doom,  
But a brave patriot's fate our martyr met ;  
From the young body mouldering in the tomb,  
Will spring the freedom of our country yet !  
Poor, gallant boy ! though nipped within the bud,  
Each hope, each generous feeling of thy breast,  
Sealed by thy death, cemented by thy blood,  
Is the firm pledge we've taken in the West !

“Remember Allen !” aye, in years to come  
The cry shall be the watchword of our race,  
To strike the coward and the traitor dumb,  
And send the hot blood tingling through his face !  
Heed not the traitor's scoff, the tyrant's sneer—  
Strive still, strive ever, for our darling sireland ;  
Through triumph and defeat, through hope and fear,  
Remember Allen, and Remember Ireland !

## THE EXILE.

I CANNOT sing, for the songs bring back  
Sad thoughts to my memory ;  
And my fancy flies on the swift wind's track  
To a land beyond the sea ;  
And, like a dream on my startled ears,  
The dear old melodies ring,  
Till my eyes grow dim with the gathering tears,  
So I cannot, I dare not sing !

I cannot read, for the words I read  
Seem burning with liquid fire,  
And the glowing tale of each noble deed  
Fills my heart with a mad desire ;  
My fingers clutch at the empty air,  
Wild fancies surge through my brain,  
Till, frenzied and madden'd, I spring from the chair,  
With a heart nigh bursting in twain !

I cannot write, though my heart would fain  
Record the thoughts I think ;  
But my wild, mad fancies I know 'twere vain  
To write in common ink !  
I cannot write, for the pen is clasped  
By an eager, nervous hand,  
As if 'twere a flashing sword I grasped  
To wield for my fatherland !

My heart seems girt with a burning band,  
My thoughts are over the sea,  
And the voices I loved in the dear old land  
Seem whispering now to me.  
Oh, dear old land! I may never see more  
Thy fields and thy forests so fair,  
But when the dark journey of life is o'er,  
My spirit shall wander there !

When my eyes are closed in their last calm sleep,  
When my limbs in the grave are at rest,  
My spirit shall fly o'er the stormy deep,  
To the land that it loved the best;  
Away, away o'er the ocean's track,  
On the strong, swift wings of the wind,  
My troubled spirit will hasten back  
To the land it has left behind !




## A RIDGEWAY LYRIC :

SUPPOSED TO BE SUNG BY ONE OF THE EXCITED RAIDERS.

---

 AIR—How Pat is Represented.
 

---

 H, murther ! they'll be mad to hear  
 The news across the wather ;  
 If Johnson did'nt interfere,  
 Our Saxon foes we'd slaughther.  
 The only place where e'er we met,  
 The Queen's Own will not soon forget ;  
 Faith, they haven't quite recovered yet  
 The awful fright they got thin !

*Chorus*—Our boys all swore that England's red  
 No longer should be seen, boys ;  
 But that for iver in its stead,  
 We'd plant the Flag of Green, boys !

We crassed the sthrame, eight hundred strong,  
 Brave Ginerall O'Neill undher ;  
 To break the chains we'd borne so long,  
 And tear our bonds asunder.

When landed on the other side,  
The flag of Ireland's hope an' pride,  
The flag for which our father's died,  
We hoisted to the heavens !

*Chorus*—An' thin we swore that England's red  
Should niver more be seen, boys ;  
But proudly floatin' in its stead,  
We'd raise our Irish Green, boys !

Next mornin', as we marched along,  
Och ! we were glad to see there  
The English throops, though twice as sthrong  
And better armed than we were.  
We fired our guns but once, an' thin'  
The divil could'nt howld our min,  
For, waitin' not to load agin,  
They charged with sword and bay'net !

*Chorus*—An' England's dhirty rag of red  
Was nowhere to be seen, boys ;  
For proudly waving overhead,  
Was Erin's Flag of Green, boys !

Brave Colonel Booker an' his men,  
They looked at one another ;  
An' Booker made his mind up thin  
To go home to his mother !  
His face turned scarlet, blue, and pale,  
An' the brave sons of Granuaile  
Had to admire his horse's tail,  
As he fled from the action !

*Chorus*—An' haughty England's rag of red  
Down in the mud was seen, boys ;  
Whilst waving proudly in its stead,  
Was Ireland's Flag of Green, boys !

A curse upon the Yankee knaves,  
For whom our blood was given ;  
Whose foes into the ocean's waves  
Our Irish boys had driven !  
We failed through them—but Ireland knows  
Were English troops our only foes,  
Her long, dark night of countless woes,  
Our steel had changed to morning !  
*Chorus*—An' o'er our land false England's red  
This day would not be seen, boys;  
But once and ever in its stead,  
Should float the Flag of Green, boys !





## FOR FATHERLAND UNITE !

---

AIR—*Wearing of the Green.*

---

**B**y the martyrs who have perished  
 For our country's liberty ;  
 By the hopes that we have cherished  
 Yet to see her grand and free ;  
 Cease this work of clan and faction,  
 Join together for the might ;  
 And in onward glorious action  
 For your Fatherland unite !  
*Chorus*—For Fatherland unite ! &c.

Shall we stain our well won laurels,  
 And our sacred cause disgrace  
 With these petty feuds and quarrels—  
 So unworthy of our race ?  
 Shall one vain man's ambition  
 Still divide us in our might ?—  
 No ! be faithful to your mission,  
 And for Fatherland unite !  
*Chorus*—For Fatherland unite ! &c.

Have we given our allegiance  
 To a cause, or to a man ?  
 Did we promise our obedience  
 To a country or a clan ?

In the sacred cause of freedom  
Sink all jealousy and spite ;  
Fools may quarrel who's to lead 'em,  
But the true men will unite !  
*Chorus*—For Fatherland unite ! &c.

Then, boys, relinquish never  
Your struggle 'gainst the wrong,  
Till the rusty chains we sever  
That have fettered us so long !  
See, our banner is unfurled now,  
'Tis for liberty we fight ;  
Onward brothers ! show the world now,  
That the Irish *can* unite !  
*Chorus*—For Fatherland unite ! &c.



## THE GRAVE OF THE MARTYRS.

---

AIR—The Meeting of the Waters.

---

**N**EAR away from the home and the friends they love best,  
Midst murd'ers and felons all silent they rest;  
Not a cross, not a stone, mark the desolate spot  
Where the bones of our martyred ones crumble and rot!

In the cold prison ground, sad and lone, side by side,  
With their faces to Ireland, they sleep as they died;  
And the Angel of Liberty, hovering near,  
On the consecrate grave drops a pitying tear!

Surrounded by foemen, 'midst jeering and hate,  
True as steel to the last, they went forth to their fate,  
With a prayer for thy cause on the high gallows-tree—  
Dear home of our fathers! they perished for thee!

When they took them away from that death-clouded place,  
They found death had left a bright smile on each face,  
So they buried them quickly, lest true men should see  
How the hosts of the tyrant were baffled by Three!

For still are they free, as no tyrant can bind  
The proud chainless soul or the fetterless mind;  
And though the cold limbs may be laid in the grave,  
Soul and mind are enshrined in the hearts of the brave!

Long, long may our land guard and treasure each name,  
Till a nation made free hymns their glorious fame;  
And our grandsons shall tell that from yonder cold grave  
*Sprang* the spirit yet destined our nation to save!

## THE BANNER OF GREEN.

---

AIR—Red, White and Blue.

---

**M**ARK ! that sound that re-echoes from Erin  
To the furthestmost ends of the earth ;  
That tells her brave sons are preparing  
To strike for the land of their birth !  
The pride of the tyrant they'll humble,  
With their bright pikes and sabres so keen,  
And England's red flag down shall tumble,  
To give way to their Banner of Green !

They are marching from mountain and valley,  
They muster on hill, and in glen ;  
From city and village they rally,  
To conquer for freedom again !  
They'll bend to the yoke of no stranger,  
No alien monarch or queen ;  
But through battle, through peril, and danger,  
Be true to the Banner of Green !

Our exiles across the wide ocean  
Return to our emerald shore,  
That the isle of their love and devotion,  
May be ruled by the Saxon no more.  
They will cripple the false tyrant's power,  
No more his curs'd flag shall be seen ;  
But from every castle and tower  
Shall float Erin's Banner of Green !

## IRISH PRIVATEER'S SONG.

---

AIR—*Star-Spangled Banner*.

---

**W**HAT is that which we see from the mainmast so high,

Which never was seen till this day on the ocean—  
'Neath whose glorious folds we have sworn, boys, to die,

Or free the loved isle of our hearts' fond devotion ?  
'Tis the banner that waves o'er a nation of braves,  
And it never shall float over cowards or slaves ;  
'Tis the Green Flag of Erin floats over the sea,  
To tell to the world that our land shall be free !

Pass the word down below that a sail is in sight ;  
Quick ! quick to your posts, boys ! be ready, be ready ;  
Nail our flag to the mast—'tis for freedom we fight ;  
Stand firm to your guns, men ! be steady, there steady !  
What's the colour she shows—are they friends, boys, or foes ?  
She's English, hurrah ! then to pieces she goes !  
And the monarch she serves on the morrow shall see  
'Twill be so with his throne, or our land shall be free !

Hark ! the cannons' loud boom, how 'tis borne o'er the wave.

Like the ominous roll of the lightning-robed thunder !  
Ah ! that was a glorious broadside we gave—  
See, it's ripped her from bowsprit to helm, boys, asunder !  
Port-a-helm, now again ! just another, and then  
'Tis destruction for her, and defeat for her men ;  
And soon on the waters no banner shall be,  
Save the Green Flag of Erin triumphant and free !

See her colours she's struck—now we'll look to her crew ;  
No outrage shall tarnish our honour and glory ;  
How our brothers would smile in their cells, if they knew  
The last chapter written in Ireland's long story !  
But now, boys, once more, turn our helm to the shore,  
For we bear guns and rifles for liberty's corps ;  
And once in their hands, faith, the tyrant shall see  
How true is the aim of the brave and the free !

Land a-head, boys, hurrah ! 'tis the darling old sod,  
That many a year since we left far behind us ;  
If our comrades are up, as they promised, thank God !—  
As true to the pledge as themselves, they shall find us.  
Here, boys, lend a hand, till our cargo we land,  
That an army equipped for our struggle may stand ;  
And floating o'er mountain, o'er valley, and sea,  
The Flag of our Country triumphant shall be !



## THE FLAG OF OUR LAND.

COME kinsmen, come clansmen, from South, and from  
North,

Hark ! hark ! the wild slogan of war pealing forth !  
It rings through each vale, and from peak unto peak  
The heather-clad mountains in thunder-tones speak !  
It calls on our loyal, our true, and our brave,  
From the whispering heath, and the hollow-toned wave,  
With sabre, and musket, and red battle-brand,  
To gather once more 'neath the Flag of our Land !

Shall the stranger still rule in the halls of our sires ?  
Shall our waters still mirror the plunderer's fires ?  
Shall our manhood be lost ? and our darling old sod  
By tyrants and traitors for ever be trod ?  
'Midst the nations around us, oh, say shall our name,  
Our cause, and our people, be by-words for shame ?  
No ! we swear by the hatred we cherish, to stand  
For freedom or death, 'neath the Flag of our Land !

By the fame of our martyrs, the mem'ry of those  
Who fell side by side ever fronting their foes ;  
By the plunderer's fires, and the murderer's steel ;  
By the wrongs we have felt, and the hatred we feel ;  
By the scaffold's red path, and the dungeon's dread gloom,  
And their myriad victims who call from the tomb ;  
Meet the foe, and strike home with a vengeance-nerved  
hand,  
Till his false blood shall crimson the Flag of our Land !

'Tis up, and at last, 'neath the broad folds of green,  
In one phalanx united, our people are seen ;  
Beneath the old flag now no faction is known,  
Disunion and feud we forever disown ;  
And soon shall the foemen, in headlong dismay,  
Be flung from our lines like the rock-baffled spray !  
And floating above us, triumphant and grand,  
We'll conquering place the old Flag of our Land !





## HURRAH FOR LIBERTY!

---

AIR—Bonnie Blue Flag.—(*Confederate War Song*).

---

COME, rouse you from your slumber, men,  
Awake to life once more;  
The time for idle pleadings,  
And for vain regrets is o'er!  
We'll bend and crouch no more like hounds,  
But in the fight like men,  
With rifles, pikes, and bayonets, boys,  
We'll win our own again!  
*Chorus*—Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for liberty!  
Till death we stand, to make our land  
A nation proud and free!

We've bent unto the tyrant,  
And we've prayed in vain for years,  
But now we're going to try, boys,  
Rifle balls instead of tears!  
Our sighs shall be the trumpet's call,  
The rolling of the drum;  
And in future our petitions  
From the cannon's mouth shall come!  
Hurrah! &c.

From Galway unto Wicklow,  
And from Cork to Donegal,  
We'll march once more for liberty,  
To conquer or to fall!  
We'll flaunt our flag from cliff and crag,  
And guard it with our steel;  
We'll show our foes what deadly blows  
Each Irish arm can deal!

Hurrah! &c.

Our fathers' foes have often quailed  
Before our fathers' might,  
Have we not still the courage, boys,  
To conquer for the right?  
Though cowards dread the troops in red,  
We'll cross their steel with joy;  
And every battle that we fight  
Shall be a Fontenoy!

Hurrah! &c.

The wily knave, the coward slave,  
To home and life may cling;  
But there's no place for falsehood's face  
Where gleaming sabres ring!  
We've thrown our guage, our life we wage  
For Freedom and for Right,  
Appeals we tried; now—God decide—  
We've no appeal but fight!

Hurrah! &c.

THE CONVICT'S DREAM.

---

**B**ETWEEN the bars the pale moonbeams,  
Half-timid, forced their way,  
And fell in slender silvery streams  
Down where the felon lay.  
They glanced a moment round the place,  
Cold, comfortless, and bare,  
Then in a holy, pure embrace,  
Like angel spirits there,  
They clasped the care-worn pallid face,  
So wan, and yet so fair !

And softly whispered they the while,  
As round his head they strayed—  
For o'er the pale thin lips a smile,  
Half joy, half anguish, played ;  
As if the pitying moonbeams sought  
Bright tales of hope to tell,  
And the day-memories, fiend-like, wrought  
Such whisperings to dispel !  
And so his two dream-guardians fought  
Within his lonely cell !

His dream was of the loved old land  
He never could forget—  
The dungeon's gloom, the convict's brand,  
Had not subdued it yet—  
The land of legend, and of lay,  
Of mountain, stream, and lake,  
Of blossomed heath, and sheltering bay,  
Of forest, fen, and brake ;  
Where mountain sprite, and lowland fay  
A home for ever make !

The land whose children toil and bleed,  
And drudge and strive in vain—  
For where the peasant sows the seed,  
A stranger reaps the grain !  
The Isle of Saints ! where knaves and spies  
Flourish and thrive apace ;  
Where fortune must be woo'd by lies,  
Dishonour, and disgrace ;  
The peasant from such saintdom flies,  
And cattle take his place !

Land of the Green ! and of the *gray*—  
For workhouse, tomb, and jail  
Are landmarks on thy soil to-day ;  
And, answer, Innisfail—  
Oh ! say which colour's seen the most,  
The old one or the new ?  
The green of which our poets boast,  
Or the more sombre hue ?—  
Few wear the green ; a countless host  
Have donned the *gray* for you !

Island of verdure ! glorious land !  
So rich in fertile plains ;  
Where nature gives with bounteous hand,  
Yet famine ever reigns ;  
Where through the mellow ripening corn  
The balmiest zephyrs sigh ;  
Where brighter seems each glowing morn,  
More radiant each sky ;  
Where 'tis misfortune to be born,  
And happiness to die !

Poor dreaming boy ! how sweet he smiled,  
To think he played once more,  
A happy, merry, thoughtless child,  
Beside the cabin door—

The dear old straw-thatched cabin, where,  
    Upon his mother's knee,  
He first had learned to lisp a prayer  
    For Ireland's liberty,  
And pregnant ever seemed the air  
    With joyous melody!

His fancy changed ; the smiling face  
    In sternness now was set,  
His woes had left no coward trace  
    Within his spirit yet.  
His cold thin lips were tightly pressed,  
    His cheeks were all aglow ;  
Expanded seemed the hollow chest,  
    His brows contract, as though  
Disturbed and broken was his rest  
    By some nocturnal foe.

He dreamt that in his native land,  
    Away from this dark jail,  
He stood within a meadow grand,  
    A shamrock-spangled vale.  
Above the scene the sun-rays bright  
    In glittering grandeur beamed,  
Around him in the golden light  
    Ten thousand bayonets gleamed ;  
And o'er his head, oh, glorious sight !  
    Green Erin's banner streamed !

From town and village, hill and glen,  
    With clamorous fife and drum,  
From mountain brake, and lowland fen,  
    The mustering legions come ;  
The war-worn soldier, bronzed and brown,  
    Has brought his dinted blade,

Whilst quickly from the neighbouring town  
Flock in the sons of trade ;  
The peasant lets his spade fall down,  
And joins the dense brigade.

The fiery Northmen, in whose veins  
Still flows the blood of those,  
Who, on a hundred battle-plain,  
Have conquered Ireland's foes ;  
The proud descendents of O'Neill,  
A stern and fearless band,  
A living wall of glittering steel,  
Beneath the old flag stand ;—  
And soon a Saxon foe shall reel  
Beneath each vengeful hand !

With Ulster's legions side by side  
Are Munster's columns massed,  
Like tigers into line they glide,  
So noiselessly and fast ;  
Oh ! crimsoned soon shall be the green  
They bear unto the fray,  
Through England's hosts their sabres keen  
Shall carve a corse-strewn way ;  
And Limerick and Skibbereen  
Be well avenged to-day !

Proud Leinster, all your chivalry  
To arms electric spring,  
And 'midst the battle's revelry  
Your slogan wild shall ring ;  
And many a foe this day shall rue  
Your fierce impetuous might,  
The scenes that gallant Wexford knew  
Shall be reversed ere night ;  
An epitaph to Emmet true  
Your gleaming swords shall write !

O'Connor's soul, proud Connaught, lives  
Within your ranks this hour ;  
Before the strength your hatred gives,  
Well may the despot cower.  
Think of your long, long night of tears,  
And say, can you forget  
The tyrant's scorn, his jibes and jeers—  
A huge uncanceled debt—  
The wrongs of thrice a hundred years,  
All unavenged yet ?  
Hark to that distant rumbling sound !  
See, yonder comes the foe !  
Now be your arms with victory crowned,  
Yon tyrant hosts laid low !  
The stillness and the calm are o'er,  
And many a sulphurous cloud,  
Betinged with flame and dripping gore,  
Shall form a battle-shroud  
For those whose tongues will swell no more.  
The nation's slogan loud !  
Like hostile torrents columns clash,  
And steel now crosses steel,  
The lurid flames incessant flash,  
And volleys ceaseless peal !  
The lightning-chequered, smoky gloom,  
The bursting, crashing shell,  
The rifle's crack, the cannon's boom,  
The groan, the shout, the yell ;  
The alien tyrants' longed-for doom  
In tones of thunder tell !  
And hark ! up to the heavens there swell—  
A sound above them all—  
One ringing Irish cheer that tells  
The hated Saxon's fall !

See, backward reel their wearied ranks,  
Now, with one fierce wild cry,  
Sweep down, ye heroes, on their flanks,  
Not vainly will ye die ;  
Oh ! glorious God of Battles, thanks !  
The craven red-coats fly !

'Tis o'er ; the victory is ours,  
And though yon darling flag  
May float about our castle towers  
A torn and tattered rag,  
'Tis still our own, and every fold  
Still left us from the strife—  
Each shred around that flag-staff rolled,  
Unpierced by ball or knife,  
Is worth a mine of virgin gold—  
Aye, worth a hero's life !

From slimy cell, and dungeon damp,  
Bring forth our gallant men ;  
Pass round the word from camp to camp  
To welcome them again.  
What though to-day they did not bleed  
To share our victory,  
We reap the harvest of their seed,  
So victors still they be—  
From faction they our people freed,  
AND NOW OUR LAND IS FREE !

\* \* \* \* \*

His dream is o'er—but with his dream  
His spirit, too, hath fled,  
And ghastly grows each pale moonbeam  
That hovers round the dead :



The cell grows misty ; they have gone,  
Nor left a single ray,  
For all that but this moment shone  
Retreat before the day ;  
And the soft, loving, pitying One  
Hath borne his soul away !

“ Died in his cell ”—and nothing more—  
’Twas all his comrades heard ;  
But of the dream he had before  
He died, oh, not a word !  
They found him on the coarse straw bed—  
A smile upon his face—  
And “ Number Twenty-eight found dead,”  
Was whispered round the place ;  
And the jail-doctor shook his head,  
And wondered at the case !

They laid him in a narrow grave,  
A murderer beside—  
The honour due the good and brave  
Was e’en in death denied.  
But tales are whispered, convicts say  
That when the daylight ends,  
When moonbeams o’er the prison stray,  
And silence deep descends,  
He stealeth from his bed of clay  
To whisper to his friends !

They say that from his clammy grave  
Bright tales of hope he brings,  
And each true spirit, firm and brave,  
To hope for ever clings :

So still they hope for Erin's right,  
And think that freedom's beam  
Will chase away her darksome night,  
Like clouds at morning's gleam ;  
And, after all, perhaps there might  
Be something in the dream !



## THE PLACE TO DIE.

AIR—*Partant Pour la Syrie.*

'Tis not at home upon my bed,  
 With weeping faces nigh,  
 And trembling curtains overhead,  
 That I would wish to die;  
 But 'midst the roar of shot and shell,  
 'Midst wounded and 'midst slain—  
 If I but knew that when I fell,  
 I would not fall in vain !

Ere to the battle-field I'd move  
 For liberty and right,  
 I'd ask a gift from her I love,  
 To cheer me in the fight :  
 I'd twine around my helm one lock,  
 One shining tress of hair,  
 Then proudly meet the battle's shock,  
 Amongst the foremost there.

I'd breathe one fervent prayer to God  
 For those I'd leave behind—  
 Pray heaven to bless the dear old sod,  
 For which my heart had pined.  
 I'd chase away each foolish tear,  
 My sword grasp firmly, and  
 With one triumphant ringing cheer,  
 Strike home for Fatherland !

And this my last request should be  
Unto my comrades brave,  
That their stout hands should make for me  
An Irish soldier's grave!  
And if within my dying hours  
I heard one glorious cry,  
That told the victory was ours,  
Oh, happy would I die!



## THE GIRLS OF ERIN'S ISLE.

---

AIR—Irish ~~M~~olly, oh!

---

**G**OME, sisters, we have borne too long the tyrant's  
galling chain,  
Our brothers mean to strive anew—oh, let it not be vain;  
We'll aid them in their struggle now to crush the tyrant vile,  
And show the world how noble are the Girls of Erin's Isle!

We hate the cruel Saxon, and we hate the Saxon laws;  
We love our native country, and we love our country's cause;  
And now we'll show the tyrants who our native land defile,  
How true to Right and Freedom are the Girls of Erin's Isle!

Though we may not fight for freedom, when the God of  
War commands,  
We can purchase pikes and rifles, girls, to place in willing  
hands:  
The day of freedom draweth near, so we'll prepare the while;  
No recreant slaves or traitors are the Girls of Erin's Isle!

We cannot hear unflinchingly the cannon's mighty roar,  
But we'll tend upon the wounded when the battle's din is o'er;  
Give hope to the despairing, on the noble-hearted smile,  
And they'll gather strength and courage from the Girls of  
Erin's Isle!

And if our brothers have not strength to win their liberty,  
Our mothers fought at Limerick—why, sisters, should not we?  
Our brothers' bones may bleach the sod for many a weary  
mile,  
But still the foe will have to meet the Girls of Erin's Isle!

So rally, rally, Irish girls, wherever ye may be,  
Give heart and hand to Fatherland, to win our liberty;  
If we but do our duty, girls, oh! victory shall smile  
Upon the banner woven by the Girls of Erin's Isle!



## ACROSS THE SEA.

---

AIR—Gramachree.

---

**B**y galling chains for years oppressed,  
We wept and sighed in vain;  
No rights were gained, no wrongs redressed,  
Unbroken still our chain.  
Our sires for centuries were bound  
In vilest slavery,  
But 'neath the stars and stripes they found  
A home across the sea.

They fought for their adopted land;  
And an undying fame  
Was shed by each victorious band  
Upon their country's name.  
Years passed, and yet, through good and ill,  
Defeat or victory,  
Their hearts were true to Ireland still,  
So far across the sea!

Once more their flag shall be unfurled,  
And they, brave men and true,  
Shall show to a rejoicing world  
What Irishmen can do!  
Oh! ocean, buoyant be thy track,  
Oh! breezes pleasant be;  
That waft our exiled soldiers back  
To fight for liberty!

## ERIN, MY COUNTRY!

---

AIR—Erin, my Country!

---

**O**H! Erin, my country, dear isle of my birth,  
Thou brightest and loveliest land upon earth,  
I have grieved to see thee the footstool of knaves,  
Thy children all doomed to be exiles or slaves;  
Oh, Acushla Machree! my heart longed to see  
Erin a nation, the land of the free!

Thy tears have been scoffed at, thy fair name maligned,  
And those who have loved thee to dungeons consigned;  
Whilst recreant knaves have lent heart, soul, and brains,  
To aid the vile tyrant to rivet thy chains!  
Yet, Acushla Machree! I still hoped to see  
Erin a nation, the land of the free!

Yes, a hope seems to break through the sorrow of years,  
And a smile seems to gleam like the sun through thy tears,  
For brave hearts still beat that will ne'er brook a chain,  
Nor rest till each fetter is broken in twain;  
And, Acushla Machree! the world yet may see  
Erin a nation, triumphant and free!



Away with all pausing, away with all doubt,  
We have but one hope —shall we see it crushed out?  
When our standard is raised, must it fall to the ground  
For want of brave spirits to rally around?  
No! *Acushla Machree!* when that dear flag we see,  
We'll die 'neath its folds, or our land shall be free!



## WE'LL LIFT THE FLAG OF GREEN.

---

AIR—~~Wearing~~ of the Green.

---

OH! Paddy boy, I'm mad wid joy,  
 Whin thinkin' av the day,  
 Whin from our coast, the Saxon host  
 Our pikes shall dhrove away.  
 When ould John Bull, the haythen—  
 Faith! he's worse nor Jew or Turk—  
 Full payment shall recave from us  
 For all his dhirty work.  
 Oh! the time is fast approachin'  
 Whin wid heart and hand we'll strike;  
 Our tears were vain, perhaps they'll pay  
 Attention to our pikes!  
 We'll light a flame of freedom  
 Such as earth has never seen;  
 The dhirty red of England  
 Must give way to Ireland's Green!  
 We'll lift the Flag of Green, &c.

I rimimber one could winter,  
 Many, many years ago,  
 A cruel lan'lord turned us out  
 Though nothing did we owe:  
 My mother, on her dyin' bed,  
 All mercy was denied,  
 They thrust her out into the snow—  
 Ere mornin' cum she died!


Oh ! mother darling, shure I thought  
My very heart would brake,  
Whin I saw the dyin' look you gave—  
I hadn't power to spake ;  
But in my heart I swore by all  
My eyes that night had seen,  
For your murder I'd have vingeance,  
Or I'd die beneath the Green !  
We'll lift the Flag of Green, &c.

Let the rifles roar and rattle,  
Let the cannon blaze away—  
It's the tune that ould John Bull will have  
To dance to some fine day !  
Let the sabres, an' the bayonets,  
An' the pikes flash in the sun—  
'Twill be a glorious sight for  
Irish eyes to look upon !  
The women fought at Limerick—  
If there's need, they'll fight again ;  
An', shure, an Irish woman's worth  
A dozen English men !  
By all the fame and glory that  
Our land has ever seen,  
We'll lift once more above the red  
Our darlin' Flag of Green !  
We'll lift the Flag of Green, &c.



SONNET.

---

“ NGEL of freedom ! tell  
The votaries of thy shrine,  
How sleep the brave who fell  
In Ireland's cause and thine ?  
Who in the lonely cell,  
And on the scaffold tree,  
Died for the land they loved so well,  
For truth and liberty ?”

“ Oh, hallowed is their dust,  
Thrice holy is each grave ;  
They sleep as ever sleep the just,  
The noble, and the brave !  
And pitying angels keep  
A vigil round the place,  
Where, calm and undisturb'd, sleep  
The martyrs of a race !”

## THE MESSENGER.

---

NOVEMBER 23, 1867.

---

**W**ITH bated breath and trembling lips, we gathered  
round him there—

Tall, sinewy men with faces bronzed, and maidens young  
and fair ;

We questioned him with eager eyes—we had not power to  
speak,

For a nameless dread was in each heart, and whitened every  
cheek !

Twice, thrice his lips moved silently, his tongue refused its  
task,

We spoke not, but he knew right well the question we  
would ask ;

And thrice he strove to answer it, but thrice he strove in  
vain,

Whilst down his cheeks the tear-drops fell in blinding  
showers like rain !

And by his grief at last we knew the news he could not  
tell,

And over every heart a black and blighting shadow fell ;

A sickening weight seemed pressing, oh ! so heavy on each  
heart,

That it stayed our bitter wailings, and forbade our tears to  
start !

And stalwart men, whose fiery wrath and fierce resistless  
might  
Had turned the ebbing tide of war in many a bloody fight;  
Whose whirlwind charge and wild hurrah made Southern  
foemen reel,  
Whose breasts had pressed unshrinkingly 'gainst serried  
lines of steel—

Aye, men like these, true scions of our fearless Celtic race,  
Who fear not death, but meet it with a smile upon the face—  
Now stood so still, so motionless, so silent in their woe,  
It seemed as if they'd fallen, too, beneath the crushing blow!

Oh! who shall say what mournful tears that bitter night  
were shed,  
And who shall count the curses heaped upon the murderer's  
head;  
What heartfelt prayers ascended to the throne of the Divine,  
For the heroes who had fallen on their suffering country's  
shrine!

He, boy in years but man in heart, who, pale and fearless,  
trod  
The scaffold's path as proudly as if 'twere his native sod;  
Who stood upon the grave's dark brink with heart that  
never failed,  
With lips that never quivered, and with eyes that never  
quailed!

And he, the dark-eyed soldier, who, unhurt, untouched, had  
pass'd  
Through many a hard-fought battle-field, now fronted death  
at last;  
And such a death—the felon's death—the death that villains  
die—  
He met it with a smiling face, and with a flashing eye!

And last of all, the father, who that day would leave behind  
Poor helpless children, to a world, harsh, pitiless, unkind.  
No wonder if he faltered—'twas, oh God ! a fearful test ;  
Yet, he met his fate as bravely, and as proudly as the rest !

And these are murderers, they say—are cowards base and  
vile !

These sainted ones who perished for our darling native isle !  
Cowards and murderers, they say ; oh, grant us patience,  
God !

Oh, grant us patience yet to bear the tyrant's heavy rod !



## CALCRAFT AND PRICE.

A LYRIC FOR LOYALISTS.

---

AIR—Red, White and Blue.

---

**O**H! England's the gem of the waters,  
The pride of the foam-crested sea!  
And her brave sons and fair smiling daughters  
Are always contented and free!  
Unknown is all want and starvation;  
Her subjects are strangers to vice;  
And the bulwarks of this model nation  
Are Calcraft and Governor Price!

*Chorus*—Then, hurrah, boys, for Calcraft and Price!  
A cheer, boys, for Calcraft and Price!  
The bulwarks of England, proud nation,  
Are Calcraft and Governor Price!

Wherever this proud nation's standard  
Unfurls its red folds to the light,  
Its bearers you'll find are the vanguard  
Of freedom, and progress, and right!  
Barbarian tribes, by their teaching,  
Her soldiers reclaim in a trice;  
Oh, there's nothing can equal the preaching  
Of Calcraft and Governor Price!

*Chorus*—Then, hurrah! &c.



From the Ind to the banks of the Shannon,  
Wherever their footsteps have trod,  
With the aid of the bayonet and cannon  
They've planted the altar of God!  
And the teachers of heretic notions  
Have been silent and quiet as mice,  
For fear they should pay their devotions  
At the shrine of some Calcraft or Price!

*Chorus*—Then, hurrah! &c.

Oh, lives there a slave who dare utter  
A word 'gainst the laws of the realm?  
Or breathes there a serf who would mutter  
A thought 'gainst the "men at the helm?"  
If he's English, his faults they'll pass over  
With a sound word or two of advice;  
But if Irish, he soon will discover  
The logic of Calcraft and Price!

*Chorus*—Then, hurrah! &c.

Then kneel, comrades, kneel, and thank heaven  
You're subjects of Britain's great throne,  
When, horror! you might have been given  
A Republican birthright to own!  
Thank God, that your blood is untainted,  
You're subjects of England—how nice!—  
You've a chance of yet being acquainted  
With Calcraft or Governor Price!

*Chorus*—Then, hurrah! &c.

## A SONG OF THE TIMES.

---

*Given with great success by the Author, in the Theatre Royal, Kilmainham.*

*Lessee—Mr. GOVERNOR PRICE. ADMISSION FREE.*

---

**T**HIS county gaol's a lovely spot,  
 As every prisoner knows, boys ;  
 Shure, aich convanience we have got,  
     Stool, table, bed, and clothes, boys !  
 Lest we might chance to go asthray  
 We're locked up safely night and day ;  
 An' sarvants, too, who ax no pay,  
     Are always on in waitin' !

*Chorus*—Thin don't forget ould England's laws,  
     For Spice knows how to use 'em  
 On all adherents of the cause  
     That dar's now to abuse 'em !

Our governor's a person nice,  
 Though like a dhried-up rat, boys ;  
 The name he bears is Mister Spice—  
     He's peevish as a cat, boys !  
 He's turnip-headed ; herrin'-back'd ;  
 His voice is like a thrumpet crack'd ;  
 He's a walkin' *Habeas Corpus* Act—  
     Stiff, ugly, an tyrannic !

*Chorus*—Thin don't forgit, &c.

The deputy's an ugly toad,  
Chief-warder is another ;  
They're bound for hell the shortest road  
To see Ould Nick, their brother ;  
Shure, since the first time daylight dawned,  
An' Satan as a serpent fawned,  
Sich reptiles shure were never spawned  
As those who rule it o'er us !

*Chorus*—Thin don't forgit, &c.

We're not allowed to spake a bit,  
To wink, or blow our noses ;  
We musn't even dar' to spit  
Unless the warder chooses !  
To whistle is a rank offence—  
Don't do it if you've any sense,  
Or you must take the consequence—  
Three days in solitary !

*Chorus*—Thin don't forgit, &c.

As to the manner we are fed,  
Who violate the law, boys ;  
We get sour milk and stale black bread  
Composed of turf and sthraw, boys ;  
An' if one's very good an' meek,  
An' dont attempt to wink or speak,  
He may expect three days a week  
A dish of stewed-up leather !

*Chorus*—Thin don't forgit, &c.

Some of our comrades are as thin  
As notes of admiration !  
Mulrooney says that all his skin  
Is wrinkled with starvation !

No matter—time is fleeting fast,  
The days and weeks are flying past,  
And, spite of all their power, at last  
We'll all regain our freedom !

*Chorus*—An' by that time Old England's laws  
From Ireland will have vanished,  
An' all who now upbraid our cause  
To blazes will be banished !



## THE PHILOSOPHER, THE POET, AND THE PATRIOT.\*

---

**W**ITH haggard pace and wrinkled face,  
He moved amidst the crowd,  
Alone amongst a multitude,  
A ragged wretch, yet proud—  
Who heaped upon the passers-by,  
Curses, both deep and loud !

King, prince, or peer, with scoff or sneer  
Alike he greeted all ;  
He curled his lip at holy things,  
And wished religion's fall ;  
Seldom he praised, and when he did,  
His very praise was gall !

Yet the mighty crowd was awed and cowed—  
Aye, they loved his shrunken frame—  
A shadowy halo seemed to hang  
Around his very name ;  
And when the cynic died, 'twas but  
To live in the rolls of fame !

\* The poems marked with an asterisk were all written before the author had reached the age of fifteen. Some appeared in the *Irish People*, and all were published in some journal or other. The reader, it is to be hoped, will excuse their many imperfections, and look upon them as the effusions of a child just learning to walk on the difficult path of poetry.

The poet stood 'midst the multitude ;  
And ere the cynic's sneer  
Had died away, his voice rang out  
Melodiously and clear ;  
“ And heavenly music seemed to fall  
Upon the ravished ear ! ”

A vivid light, like sunbeam bright,  
Was flashing from his eye ;  
His face was fair and cloudless,  
Like a bright Italian sky.  
He sang a melody of love—  
All nature breathed a sigh !

Of war he sang, and his accents rang  
Clear, musical and strong ;  
Ten thousand eyes flashed fiercely,  
As he sang of right and wrong.  
He sang of life—the world forgot  
The poet in his song !

He ceased his song—the spell-bound throng  
Woke from their trance again,  
And to their homes were hastening,  
Fair maids and stalwart men ;  
The patriot's mighty voice was heard  
Calling upon them then !

With noble face, and God-like grace,  
The hero stood alone ;  
His right hand grasped a sword—'twas all  
That he could call his own—  
Majestic in the right he stood,  
“ A king without a throne ! ”

In vain he spoke, the tyrant's yoke  
On cowards' necks sits light ;  
A few brave spirits followed him,  
To struggle for the right ;  
They grappled with a mighty foe,  
And perished in the fight !

Unwept he fell, no funeral knell  
Told who had passed away ;  
And men forgot their greatest friend—  
Forgot him in a day ;  
Although the cynic who cursed them lives  
In their memory for aye !

Alas ! I know, 'twas ever so,  
The patriot alone  
Is found deserted by the world ;  
Cynic and poet own  
A thousand friends to mourn their death ;  
He dies unwept, unknown !



## AN ADDRESS TO THE POLES.\*



**S**TRIKE for freedom, sons of Poland !  
Break the chains that bind each hand !  
Cripple now the tyrant's might—  
Nobly for your country fight—  
Throw the yoke from off your shoulders,  
Sons of that unhappy land !

For your freedom men have fallen  
In the fight, where long they stood !  
On each gallant patriot's grave  
Swear your native land to save  
From the tyrant's cruel power,  
Though your streams run red with blood !

He it was provoked the struggle,  
On his head then be the blame !  
Let the Polish war-cry be—  
“Onward ! Death or Liberty !”  
Hurl the tyrant from his throne—  
For your years of wrong atone !  
Then recall your exiled heroes,  
And restore your ancient fame !



## RIGHT AND MIGHT.\*

— — —

**M**IGHT stalked the wild wood up and down  
With features stern and grim—  
All creatures trembled at his frown,  
For all alike feared him  
Whose sinewy arm and bony hand  
Could crush the strongest in the land !

Right roamed the wild wood through and through,  
With softly pattering feet,  
Well loved by all, and shunned by few,  
For none but smiled to meet  
Her faultless form, her lovely face,  
Her winning smile and simple grace !

Might in the wild wood met fair Right,  
And soon his frown was gone,  
Whilst all his face grew calm and bright  
As Right he gazed upon,  
And stole with noiseless footsteps near  
To whisper softly in her ear.

Now, through and through this old wild wood,  
In calm or stormy weather,  
These two go roaming, as they should,  
Arm linked in arm together ;  
So through this wide world they should be  
For e'er and e'er in company !

## THE THREE KNIGHTS.\*



SIR TRISTRAM was a gallant knight,  
So handsome, brave and strong—  
His prowess in the battle-field  
Was told in many a song;  
And whensoe'er he rode abroad,  
In armour glistening bright,  
A dagger hung by his left side,  
A goblet by his right;  
And if questioned why he carried them,  
Sir Tristram answered so—  
"The cup's for the friend who aids me,  
The dagger for the foe!"

Sir Hildebrandt was quite as strong,  
As handsome, and as bold,  
With many a score of vassals,  
And many a purse of gold.  
Sir Hildebrandt a splendid hall  
In his castle old did keep,  
But 'neath this hall a dungeon lay,  
Dark, loathsome, damp and deep;  
And he said, if asked by any  
To what did all this tend—  
"The one is for my enemy,  
The other for my friend!"

Sir Gilbert he was quite as brave,  
As strong and handsome too,  
Unbeaten in the tournament,  
And equalled but by few.  
Nor steel, nor dungeon was there near  
When he sat in his hall,  
For the good right hand of friendship  
He held out to one and all ;  
And he said, if asked his reason—  
“ I make it e'er my end  
To change each enemy of mine  
Into an ardent friend !”



## THE MUSIC OF A SIGH.\*

LET poets paint the glossy, golden hair  
In choicest colours, with their greatest skill ;  
Aye, let them praise, in flowing rhythm rare,  
The fair luxuriant tresses—if they will.  
Or let them paint in vivid, glowing hues,  
The loving language of a beaming eye ;  
But these are not the themes that I will choose—  
Be mine to tell the music of a sigh !

The sigh of love, when breathed by some one dear,  
Will make the heart with pleasure palpitate ;  
No music ever heard by mortal ear  
Such rapturous emotion can create !  
'Tis even sweet to hear the sigh of care  
From some dear friend, when we are standing by,  
And know that we can change, e'en then and there,  
The smothered feelings that have caused the sigh !

The sigh of sorrow, or the sigh of fear,  
Or the deep sigh of unrequited love,  
Are not unpleasant music to the ear,  
When we the cause are able to remove.  
We'll own 'tis pleasant for the swain to see  
The loving sparkle of his charmer's eye ;  
But ten times dearer to his heart would be  
The loving music of the maiden's sigh !

## THE IMPREGNABLE FORTRESS.\*

— — —

**W**ALLS from the granite cut girded it all around ;  
Sentinels ever kept watch at the gate ;  
Storm-beaten battlements on the intruder frowned ;  
Engines to hurl forth destruction and fate,  
Ready for use on the battlements wait !

Once a great warrior, certain that naught could stop  
His gallant army's unparelled might,  
Like a huge avalanche hurled from the mountain top,  
Rushed on the fort in the dead of the night—  
But to return in most dastardly flight !

Then a great general, famed for his wondrous skill,  
Nobly with science and strategy wrought,  
Many a month was the fortress beleaguered, still  
Strategy could not gain that which he sought—  
So his endeavours were wasted for naught !

Cupid at last to the world his decision told ;  
This mighty fort he would have for his own :  
And the young god, by no fear of his fate controlled,  
Spite of the huge frowning ramparts of stone,  
Blinded the sentries, and entered alone.

So, when to do some miraculous daring deed,  
Men every sinew and energy move,  
Cupid, the rogue, in an instant will take the lead,  
And by his quickly-won victory prove  
Nothing is equal to wonderful love !

•

## WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?\*

---

**W**HE broad, deep shadows fall across  
The path whereon they tread,  
The mighty forest giants toss  
Their branches overhead.  
Their hearts are gay, but e'er and aye  
Will rise the sad refrain—  
“Black-visaged care goes everywhere,  
When shall we meet again?”

He murmurs in the maiden's ear  
The story of his love—  
A story which the angels hear,  
And chronicle above.  
And, trembling now, she tells him how  
His love hath not been vain :  
Here comes the thought, with sorrow fraught,  
When shall we meet again ?

So, whispering nonsense only love  
And lovers understand,  
Beneath the giant elms they move,  
Just then in fairyland.  
Their hearts are light, their spirits bright,  
For now they know no pain ;  
But soon will rise half-smothered sighs,  
When shall we meet again ?

MELANCHOLY.\*

---

**T**HERE is an under-current, strong and deep,  
Runs through the fertile valley of the heart—  
An under-current that can never sleep  
Till life and being from the frame depart.

Amidst our festive joys its mournful voice  
In a half-smothered monody will rise,  
Checking the buoyant heart that would rejoice,  
Clouding the erstwhile laughter-lighted eyes.

E'en as amidst a choice bouquet of flowers  
Some withered blossom droops its faded head ;  
Or as, when seeking lonely fragrant bowers,  
We find some crumbling ruin there instead.

Sometimes the current with a mighty rush  
Will overturn all rules and all restraint,  
And its long pent-up waters outward gush,  
Drowning all other sounds in their complaint.

Anon 'tis silent, but it is the peace  
That every mighty hurricane precedes ;  
It is a silence that will shortly cease,  
E'en now the coming tempest bends the reeds.

Morning and night this under-current moans,  
Silent a moment, but extinguished never,  
Until at last its sad and mournful tones  
Are hushed within the quiet grave for ever.

## Temperance Haps.

---

### DOWN WITH THE DRINK !

---

**S**ONS of one Father—Celt, Teuton, or Gaul—  
Rally together to conquer the foe ;  
'Tis not the foe of this land, but of all,  
That we are seeking your aid to o'erthrow.  
Christian, barbarian, Turk and Hungarian,  
Never mind country or creed, only think  
Who is your enemy, then let your battle-cry  
Waken the sleeping world, Down with the Drink !

On to the contest, black, red-skin and white ;  
What doth it matter, dark-featured or fair,  
When 'tis the foe of all races we fight,  
And but the wrath of the devil we dare ?  
Spaniard and Portuguese, Prussian and Tyrolese,  
Austrian, Frank, and Sardinian—Sink  
All nationality, suffering humanity  
Waits for your battle-cry—Down with the Drink !

Think of the relatives, think of the friends  
It has destroyed, and resolve, like true men,  
Since for the ill done you can't make amends,  
You will prevent such ill-doing again.



Form an alliance, and, breathing defiance, stand  
Nobly opposed to your foe—if you shrink  
All will be lost again, but be determined, men,  
Onward to Victory ! Down with the Drink !

And ye who groan 'neath an alien yoke,  
Sons of Green Erin, so doubly accurs'd,  
Wish ye the chain of the foreigner broke ?—  
Break ye the chain of King Alcohol first !  
Think of New Ross, and then promise that ne'er again  
'Neath the old flag shall a toper's glass clink,  
Throw off King Whisky's chain—England's won't long  
remain—  
Onward for liberty ! Down with the Drink !



## THE BRIDGE OF LIFE: A DREAM.

— — —

**M**ETHOUGHT I stood on a bridge which spanned  
A broad and a mighty river,  
And a multitudinous human band  
Was hurrying o'er it ever,  
Striving to gain the opposite land—  
Most of them reaching it never !

For upon this bridge two monsters stood,  
Watching the human tide ;  
A quiver dabbled in human blood  
Hung by the first one's side,  
And the seething, surging human flood  
With angry face he eyed.

Methought I could distinctly hear  
His bow-string's sullen twang,  
And on the night air, sharp and clear,  
A cry of anguish rang,  
Which told me some poor mortal near  
Had felt the arrow's fang !

Again and again his bow he plies  
With superhuman art ;  
To take an aim he seldom tries,  
Yet see I with a start  
Every single arrow that flies  
Lodges in some one's heart !

The other bears no weapons—not he,  
He carries a cup instead;  
And he sings and laughs right merrily,  
And fills it with wine so red,  
Or ale, or spirits, and shouts with glee,  
“Be merry before you’re dead!”

Some see the monster beneath the cloak  
Which hides his ugly frame;  
To them his laugh is a raven’s croak,  
That tells of woe and shame,  
Of sorrow wrought, of fond hearts broke,  
And of eternal flame!

But the rest—poor fools!—but see the drink  
That fills his flowing bowl;  
They hear his laugh, and never think  
It is a demon’s howl;  
They see but his tinted cloak, and wink  
Upon the monster foul!

Those who have knelt at this monster’s throne  
Feel first the other’s blow,  
And, with a wild and despairing moan,  
Over the bridge they go  
Into the river, and, like a stone,  
They quickly sink below!

Whilst those who heard not the monster’s song,  
Saw not the robe he wore,  
And knew that to drink his draught was wrong,  
Pass onward as before;  
And though the arrow must pierce ere long,  
They’ll reach the wished-for shore.

The archer was Death—grim Death ; but he  
Was not man's greatest foe,  
For the monster disguised in the cloak—ah me !  
Was Satan himself I trow ;  
And 'twas the stream of eternity  
Swept rapidly on below !



## MORNING AND NIGHT.

THE bright sun now gleams through the small  
latticed pane,  
And it brightens a happy scene,  
Where true love, contentment, and happiness reign,  
And no shadow of care has been.  
The father caresses each dear little pet,  
As he goes to his daily toil;  
For sorrow or trouble has entered not yet,  
The joys of affection to foil.

And each bonny darling receives a fond kiss,  
And each little cherub a smile;  
Sure a home with a father so loving as this  
Can harbour no wickedness vile!  
The birds seem reluctant to leave the sweet spot,  
Still round it they warble their song,  
And his mission to earth mighty Sol has forgot,  
Else why doth he stay there so long?

But night cometh on, and the sun disappears  
Away in the far-distant west,  
And as he is sinking the bright starry spheres  
Peep out from the sky's azure breast.  
The pale moon comes forth like the ghost of the sun,  
Its light is so livid and blue,  
And houses and streamlets and trees have begun  
To be tinged with the same pallid hue.

And now a stray gleam of its radiance darts,  
Like a spy through the small latticed pane ;  
But ah ! the bright faces and dear little hearts  
Are not to be seen there again !  
A shadow of care has obscured the bright ray  
Of joy, which so vividly shone  
In every face, ere the glorious day  
Had yet abdicated her throne !

The poor little hearts have a load on them now,  
Alas ! far too weighty to bear ;  
And on each chubby face, and on each tiny brow  
Is seen the rude imprint of care !  
The wife, on whose features no sorrow before  
Has dared to exhibit a trace,  
Wears an air of dejection, and misery sore,  
Like a cloud on her beautiful face !

The father—can yonder inanimate mass  
That lies like a log on the floor  
Be the man that we saw in the morning ? Alas !  
He'll near be the same any more !  
As the drink entered in, every vestage of man  
From his body for ever took flight ;  
The morning was over, his drinking began  
The hideous and terrible night !



## THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH.

LOSE every window, suffer not the glare  
To enter in, his vision could not bear  
Its piercing ray ;  
Down on your knees, in fervent pray'rs to heaven—  
The spirit, by the great Creator given,  
Passes away !

Let not a word the solemn silence break,  
His lips are moving, and he seems to speak :  
What doth he say ?  
“ Good morrow, Bob, it's after half-past eight ;  
I see the master at the school-yard gate,  
I must not stay.”

His fancy wanders to the days of yore,  
And he is playing with his mates once more  
Upon the green ;  
A childish smile upon his pallid face,  
As wandering memory doth fondly trace  
That happy scene.

But, hark ! his fancy changes, and again  
He's in the evil haunts of evil men,  
Amidst the drink :  
“ Now let the present for the past atone ;  
Why should the shadow of a care be known  
When glasses clink ?

“Fill up a bumper for a worthy toast:  
Long may it be our lot, old boys, to boast—”  
    His trembling frame  
Rack’d by some fearful inward struggle seems;  
And when he dreameth once again, his dreams  
    Are not the same.

He’s rambling in the pleasant fields again,  
Far from the noisy company of men,  
    Far from the smoke;  
And rambling with him are on either side  
The loving mother and the patient bride,  
    Whose hearts he broke!

He wakes and speaks, and now his accents grow  
So very very indistinct and low,  
    You scarce can hear:  
“I feel as ’twere a short’ning of my breath,  
And in my inmost soul I know that death  
    Is very near!

“Come here—you seem the kindest of them all;  
You see yon trousers hanging on the wall  
    Behind the door?  
In the left pocket, if you look, you’ll find  
Two or three coppers. Would you be so kind—  
    But whisper lower!

“I think you know the ‘Garter and the Crown,’  
On the same side as this, but lower down  
    Two or three doors.  
My noblest, truest, kindest, dearest friend,  
Would you be kind enough to bring or send  
    A gill of fours?



"You wont? you cannot? Earth and heaven! why  
Refuse my only wish before I die?

You do not think

My soul's of such a paltry, dastard hue  
That it has not the strength and will to do  
Without the drink?

"Then do you wrong me in my dying hour;  
The soul-destroying drink has not the power  
It had before.

Only, I'd like to taste the cooling draught  
That I have often—aye, too often—quaffed,  
Once, but once more!

"You wont? Then curse you for a silly knave  
Who holdeth back the physic that might save  
Me from the tomb!

Aye, curse ye all! ye mad teetotal crew;  
May all the fiends unite in dragging you  
Down to your doom!

"May heaven and hell—" another spasm shakes  
His weakened frame, which writhes, and shrinks, and  
quakes

Beneath the pain;

Whilst his pale face black and distorted grows  
With the fierce agony, whose fearful throes  
Torture again!

His eyeballs start, as if they would remain  
No more within the region of the pain

Which o'er them hangs;

Whilst the huge drops of sweat upon his brow,  
And the black tongue, which is protruding now,  
Tell of its pangs.

And now he starts, and hides his aching head  
Quickly beneath the covering of his bed,  
Like a young child  
Who is awoke by some strange sound at night,  
And fancies that he sees some grinning sprite,  
Weird-like and wild.

Closer and closer round his head he draws  
The sheets that cover him, and now the cause  
He doth explain :—  
“I *cannot* shut ye out—why do ye haunt  
A dying man? ye grinning fiends, avaunt!  
Ye still remain !

“Avaunt, I tell ye!—off! away! begone!  
Back to your hellish master, every one :  
Why do ye stay?  
What have I done that ye should haunt me so ?  
I do not want ye here—can ye not go ?  
Avaunt, I say

“They will not go ; I feel their fiery breath  
Upon my forehead, yet the world says death  
Is cold and chill !  
If this is death, then doth the whole world lie,  
For I feel burning. Thou foul demon, why  
Dost linger still ?

“Have I not told thee that I need thee not ?  
Then why remain so long upon the spot,  
Haunting my sight ?  
See! he comes nearer! now his burning hand  
Circles my body like a fiery brand !  
Oh God! how tight !

“Have mercy, God ! I will not sin again ;  
The fiend clasps tighter ! Oh ! what horrid pain,  
Too much to tell !  
Loose me, thou fiend ! He wont ; help ! help, I pray—  
Cannot you see him bearing me away ?  
Away, to hell !”

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh ! what a fearful sight is that black face,  
From whose distorted features every trace  
Of man hath fled ;  
Look at it now ! Can you still quaff the bowl  
Which may make yours as hideous and as foul  
When you are dead ?



## THE DYING CHILD.

— — —  
“ **W**HY have you closed the door, mother?  
You know I told you not;  
’Twas hot enough before, mother,  
But now it’s more than hot!  
It’s burning my poor head, mother—  
The door is closed again:  
I wish that I were dead, mother,  
I should be cooler then!

“ ’Tis no use telling me, mother,  
I know it is not true,  
The door *is* closed; and see, mother,  
They’ve drawn the blinds down too!  
My eyes were never good, mother,  
For, when my sight was best,  
You know I never could, mother,  
See plainly like the rest!

“ I think I’m going to die, mother—  
Well, death is not so bad;  
I wish you would not cry, mother,  
I hope you won’t be sad!  
I want to say one pray’r, mother,  
Before I pass away:  
I wish you’d sit down there, mother,  
And hear the words I say!

“ Father in Heaven, you know I’ve gone  
Through hunger, thirst, and cold ;  
And as to clothes, I have had none  
That were not pawned or sold !  
I might have been as well to-day  
As other boys I know,  
Had I been clothed as well as they,  
And not been famished so !

“ My little brother—you have seen  
He isn’t very strong ;  
And if he’s starved as I have been,  
He won’t live very long !  
Father in Heaven ! my father here  
His money cannot save,  
And you know what he spends in beer  
Would keep Tom from the grave !

“ I want you now to change his mind,  
And make him a good man ;  
I know you’re very, very kind,  
You’ll do it if you can !  
My little brother, Tom, I think,  
Would be well cared for then ;  
So, keep my father from the drink—  
Who’s that that said ‘ Amen ? ’

“ What, father—and you’re sober too !  
Then God has heard my pray’r  
To make a better man of you—  
Oh ! mother, are you there ?  
There’s such a cold, cold hand, mother,  
Creeping along my thighs,  
Up to my body—and, mother,  
There’s something in my eyes !

“ For they have lost their sight, mother ;  
And, Oh ! that icy hand  
Seems now to clasp me tight, mother,  
Like some cold iron band !  
Tell father, if he’s there, mother,  
There, where he was before,  
That I spoke my last pray’r, mother,  
For him—to drink no more ! ”



## ONE BOTTLE MORE !

**H**ow many demons are lurking and hiding,  
Lurking and hiding, hiding and lurking?  
How many crimes in its dregs are abiding,  
Working though waiting, waiting and working?  
Troubles and sorrows, and cares by the score,  
Down in the depths of that "One bottle more!"

"Ho!" laughed the sot, "water suits not my throttle,  
Muddy is water, water is muddy,  
When 'tis compared with the wine in this bottle,  
Ruddy and sparkling, sparkling and ruddy—  
Here, sirrah, landlord, I called you before—  
This is near empty, bring 'One bottle more!'

"Vigour and hope from thy spirit I borrow,  
Bubble and sparkle, sparkle and bubble;  
What do I care though there come on the morrow  
Trouble and sorrow, sorrow and trouble?  
I have been used to these sorrows of yore—  
So, for the present, here, 'One bottle more!'"

So spoke the toper, but she whom he married,  
Sighing and moaning, moaning and sighing,  
Felt all the hope that her heart ever carried  
Dying and fading, fading and dying!  
Crushed was the heart with the load that it bore—  
Broke with the weight of that "One bottle more!"

Thousands may flock into hell's turnpike houses,  
    Quaffing and sipping, sipping and quaffing,  
But almost every fool who carouses,  
    Laughing and shouting, shouting and laughing,  
Has wife and children, whose sufferings sore  
Pay the curs'd debt of that " One bottle more ! "





## THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

**H**e slumbered in a quiet sleep beneath Heaven's sparkling dome,  
A man without a single friend, a wretch without a home ;  
And there he lay, a spectacle to every passer-by—  
The only roof that sheltered him, the star-bespangled sky !

Hungry and ill, he'd left the town to roam he knew not  
where ;  
Hungry and tired, he slept at last, forgetful of his care ;  
Forgetful of the agony he'd suffered all the day,  
He slumbered now, and care and woe at last had flown  
away !

He dreamt that he was standing where so long ago he  
stood ;  
Again he heard the cheering of a mighty multitude ;  
He was receiving once again the prize his skill had won—  
He heard his father blessing God for having such a son !

His fancy changed : he dreamt he stood beneath the  
rustling trees,  
Which seemed to shake with laughter at the antics of the  
breeze.  
A thousand flowers were 'neath his feet, rich, beautiful and  
rare ;  
And he was whispering love-tales to a maiden twice as fair

He saw her startled attitude, he marked the rising blush,  
He saw the tears of pleasure from her lovely eyelids gush,  
He saw the joy and happiness she sought not to repress;  
And with a thrill he heard again the softly-whispered  
    " Yes ! "

His dream was changed: again he stood—and she was by  
    his side,  
Within the little village church to claim her as his bride;  
Joy thrills his heart with happiness, his eyes with pleasure  
    gleam,  
When, hark that noise! he wakes again to find it but a  
    dream !

The wild wind moans in sorrow, and the rain begins to fall;  
Where are the pictures of his dream? They've vanished  
    one and all.  
The lightnings flash, the thunders roll and rattle overhead,  
And the very sky seems weeping o'er the joy for ever fled !

He tries to rise, but, weak and faint, he cannot stir a limb;  
Before his dazzled, weakened eyes the trees begin to swim.  
He hears another rattle, and another rattle still,  
And now through every nerve there runs a strange and  
    fearful thrill !

A sudden pang has twitched his heart, has robbed him of  
    his breath;  
He gasps a moment, then he falls asleep—but now in death!  
The lightning struck him lying there, and severed life's last  
    link,  
And the stars alone are weeping for the victim of the drink

## W A T E R !

**L**ET the drunkard—silly fool!—  
 Quaff his fiery spirits,  
 All forgetful of the doom  
 He too well inherits !  
 We who know their hellish fruits—  
 Famine, rapine, slaughter,  
 Shun them aye, and quench our thirst,  
 As we should, with water !  
 Clear, transparent water !  
 Pure and sinless water !  
 Who would be from sorrow free,  
 Let your drink be water !

When from chaos earth was formed,  
 Wine was not created ;  
 Eve, fair woman, never saw  
 Adam “elevated !”  
 Heaven, to earth in wedlock joined,  
 Bore a lovely daughter,  
 One to bless and cheer mankind—  
 This their child was water !  
 Harmless, modest water !  
 Joy-reflecting water !  
 Heaven and earth combined gave birth  
 To this prattling water !

See it down the mountain side  
    Leaping, foaming, splashing ;  
On its surface crystalline  
    Sol's bright glances flashing !  
But a rippling stream at first,  
    Now a mighty river,  
On toward the boundless sea  
    Journeying for ever ;  
        Travelling for ever,  
        Moving on for ever,  
        E'en as we to the sea  
        Of death progress for ever !

Let the toper praise his wine,  
    Sing or shout about it ;  
Whilst there's water in the stream,  
    We can do without it.  
Join in this our anthem, each  
    Temperance son and daughter ;  
We will sing the praise of  
    Great and glorious water !  
        Then hurrah for water !  
        Thrice three cheers for water !  
        Drink of saints, free from taints,  
        Pure, unblemished water !



A MIDNIGHT RAMBLE.

---

**I**N the midnight calm and holy, when the world has sunk  
to rest,  
When the spotless dew is trembling on the lily's folded crest,  
When the sighing of the zephyr creeps and steals upon the  
ear,  
Soft and gentle like an echo, echoed from another sphere,  
I will leave my heated room, leave the darkness and the  
gloom;  
I will leave the crowded city, quit the crime-polluted  
street;  
Wander through the meadows, where I may breathe a purer  
air,  
Feel a purer, holier, better earth beneath my straying feet.

On through silent lanes, where sombre trees are nodding  
overhead,  
Whispering tales to one another of the pleasant summers  
fled;  
On through fields where corn is waving, as if in a sleep it  
heard  
Some soft anthem stealing round it to whose melody it  
stirred;  
Stars are glistening in the sky; dewdrops glitter in reply;  
Silent converse with each other violets and daisies keep;  
Robin, with the scarlet breast, dreams of mischief in his  
nest;  
Lilies, tired of being happy, close their petals now and  
sleep.

Yonder is a cot half-hidden in a robe of red and green,  
Covered o'er with countless roses bathing in the pale moon's  
    sheen ;  
Surely nothing less than angels dwell within that cottage  
    there ;  
Fairies surely must be hiding round a spot so bright and  
    fair ;  
To the window I will creep, through the window I will peep.  
    Who would think that such an Eden could have woe con-  
    cealed therein ?  
Scenes of horror meet my eye, tremblingly I hurry by ;  
    Drink is there with its companions—endless misery and  
    sin !

Out again upon the highway, all my heart with horror  
    numb,  
From that cottage quickly flying, to a village now I come ;  
Rows of cottages, surrounded by green fields like verdant  
    seas,  
Or like hidden treasures crouching in the shadow of the  
    trees.  
But, as I am drawing near, frightful noises greet my ear—  
    Curses like the yells of devils, oaths that taint the very air ;  
Never city built by man, since the world its course began,  
    Could produce worse scenes of horror than that little  
    village there.

“Drink again,” I faintly mutter, as my footsteps hurry by ;  
On, past countless sights of horror, plague-spots to the  
    human eye.  
Out again into the meadows, here at least I may breathe  
    free ;  
Surely crime can never darken such fair scenes as now I see :

Rivers glisten, calm and bright, in the moonbeams' spectral  
light;

Laughing streamlets, never sleeping, leap adown the green  
hill-side;

Now the nightingale's sweet song breaks upon a list'ning  
throng

Of blue-bells and crimson foxgloves, that beneath the  
hedge-rows hide.

But the magic note is broken by a shriek so loud and shrill,  
That the streamlets seem to stagger in their racing down the  
hill,

And I hear rude drunken voices yonder by the river's brink,  
Some foul deed has been enacted—can I never leave the  
drink?

Back again into the town, with a spirit broken down,

By the crime that ever meets me wheresoever I may roam;  
Vainly may I strive to flee, still the drink's foul work I see,  
Blasting, ruining, destroying, everywhere 'neath heaven's  
broad dome!



*The following POEMS and SONGS are by FANNY FORRESTER, daughter of MRS. FORRESTER. She is a very young girl, and these are her first attempts:—*

## MY COLLEEN BAWN.

---

AIR—When the Moon is on the Waters.

---

**W**HEN the folded flowers are sleeping,  
And the silvery moon shines bright ;  
When the pensive stars are peeping  
Through the calm and silent night ;  
Then a footstep light and airy  
Trips across the dewy lawn,  
'Tis the footstep of my Mary,  
'Tis my darling Colleen Bawn !

See, the moon's bright rays are glancing  
On my Mary's flowing hair,  
And the golden waves are dancing  
Round a face of sweetness rare ;  
She's as graceful as a fairy,  
And her eyes are like the dawn,  
She's my own, my darling Mary,  
She's my simple Colleen Bawn !



Oh, the dimples hide so slyly  
In her soft and blushing cheek,  
And they come and go so shyly  
When to her of love I speak.  
Oh, her step is light and airy,  
She's as gentle as the fawn,  
She's my own, my modest Mary,  
She's my artless Colleen Bawn !

Oh ! my heart is full of gladness  
When I see her radiant face,  
There is not a cloud of sadness  
But her sunny smiles can chase ;  
And her step is light and airy  
As she trips the grassy lawn,  
She's my own, my winsome Mary,  
She's my darling Colleen Bawn !



## MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

---

**O**H no, I never can forget  
My childhood's happy home ;  
The ocean rolls between, and yet  
In fancy there I roam.  
I wander by the murmuring streams  
And through the grassy dell ;  
And still I see in happy dreams,  
The scenes I loved so well.

My Colleen Bawn, my blue-eyed Kate,  
I think I see her now  
Beside the little rustic gate,  
A smile upon her brow ;  
I see her lips so rosy red,  
And rippling golden hair,  
That such a light and glory shed  
Around her face so fair.

And with my darling now I stand  
Beneath the old oak tree,  
I fondly clasp her little hand,  
She sweetly smiles on me ;  
I whisper low, " Asthore Machree,  
Say, wilt thou be my bride !"  
She turns her glowing face from me,  
Her blushing cheek to hide !

Only in fancy do I see  
That vision fair and bright ;  
Only in dreams she comes to me,  
And lingers through the night ;  
She murmurs of the dear old land,  
Till softly dawns the day,  
Then waves to me her snowy hand,  
And smiling glides away !

My form is bent, old Time has cast  
Dark shadows o'er my brow,  
The summer of my life is past,  
Its flowers are faded now ;  
But still, whate'er my lot may be  
Across the white sea-foam,  
My heart, unchanged, flies back to thee,  
My childhood's happy home !



THE REBEL'S CHILD.

---

“ **O**H, tell me, dear mother, where father is gone ;  
My heart's full of sorrow, he lingers so long ;  
You said he'd be home by the dawning of day ;  
Why hath he not come, then, dear mother, I pray ?

“ The other night, mother, he came to my bed ;  
He thought that I slept, and he bent o'er my head ;  
How happy I felt in his loving embrace,  
Until his hot tears, mother, fell on my face !

“ Oh, why did he weep as he bent o'er my bed ?  
Oh, tell me the cause of the sad tears he shed ?  
Did he see in my face, as I slumbering lay,  
A likeness to those that are cold in the clay ?

“ I've sought for my father through valley and glen ;  
I've called on his dear name again and again ;  
And still every night, oh, your trembling lips say—  
'My child, he'll be home ere the dawning of day.'

“ See, there his old fiddle hangs mute on the wall ;  
My heart's like to break as its tones I recall ;  
How they stole to my soul, those sweet strains of our  
land,  
As they trembled or swelled 'neath the touch of his  
hand !

“How oft in my slumbers I fancy I hear  
Those soft mournful tones so melodious and clear!  
And I feel on my forehead my father's fond kiss,  
Then I wake from my dream in a transport of bliss!

“’Tis then my heart sinks, for no father is near,  
And nought but the murmuring breeze do I hear;  
Oh, the music is hushed, and my father is gone,  
And there in the dark I lie weeping alone!

“Poor mother! the smiles that once beamed o’er your  
face  
Have flown, and dark shadows have taken their place;  
And the rose that once bloomed on your cheek, too, is  
dead,  
And your eyes have grown dim with the tears you have  
shed!”

Then the fond mother smoothed back the boy's golden  
hair,  
That fell in bright waves round his forehead so fair;  
“Mavourneen!” she cried, with the tears brimming  
o’er,  
“Mavourneen! your father will come back no more!

“My darling, he loved us! The great God above  
Hath measured the truth and the depth of His love;  
But more he loved Erin, and feared not the doom  
Of the cold prison cell or the patriot's tomb!

“He loved the green fields where in childhood we  
played,  
The old shady glens where so often we strayed;  
And he saw that while plenty was shed o’er the land,  
We gathered what fell from the rich tyrant's hand!

"Have we not felt hunger, my own darling child,  
While all round our cabin the rich cornfields smiled?  
'Twas they reaped the fruit from the seed we had sown,  
And laughed us to scorn when we asked for our own!

"Your father could ne'er to the yoke tamely bend,  
While God gave him strength and an arm to defend;  
Oh, my boy! there are hundreds and hundreds to tell  
How bravely he fought, and how nobly he fell!"

The bright glance grew dim, and the young cheek grew  
pale,  
And rose on the still air the child's mournful wail;  
But he suddenly smothered his sobs and his cries,  
And he dashed the hot tears from his dark-flashing eyes.

"Oh, mother, I, too, love these beautiful plains,  
The glens and the valleys and dark shady lanes;  
I, too, hate the tyrant that takes from our land  
What God freely gives with such bountiful hand!

"The high heathery hills and the bright flowery lea  
Each day, mother darling, grow dearer to me;  
And oh, mother dear, wont I soon be a man?  
And maybe I'll finish what father began!"



## MA COLLEEN DHU !

O H, fondly I remember thee,  
Ma Colleen Dhu !  
And in my fancy still I see  
Ma Colleen Dhu !  
Thine eyes were like the deep blue sea,  
Thy voice was sweetest melody ;  
Oh, ne'er forgotten thou shalt be,  
Ma Colleen Dhu !

Thy brow was like a wave of light,  
Ma Colleen Dhu ;  
It was so broad, serene, and white,  
Ma Colleen Dhu ;  
Thy heart was like a crystal well  
Where gloom or shadow never fell,  
And when it loved it loved so well,  
Ma Colleen Dhu !

Thy dimpled cheek might shame the rose,  
Ma Colleen Dhu,  
That 'neath the hedge in fragrance grows,  
Ma Colleen Dhu ;  
And o'er thy face the smiles would break  
Like sunshine stealing o'er a lake ;  
I'd freely die for thy sweet sake,  
Ma Colleen Dhu !

They say that since I bade farewell,  
    Ma Colleen Dhu,  
To that dear land I love so well,  
    Ma Colleen Dhu,  
The roses from thy cheeks have flown,  
And slow thy joyous step hath grown,  
And thou dost sit and weep alone,  
    Ma Colleen Dhu !

Perhaps we may not meet again,  
    Ma Colleen Dhu,  
Or roam together in the glen,  
    Ma Colleen Dhu ;  
But still I know you'll think of me,  
The lonely exile o'er the sea,  
Whose heart for ever is with thee,  
    Ma Colleen Dhu !

And when I see an Irish face,  
    Ma Colleen Dhu,  
Thy beauties there I love to trace,  
    Ma Colleen Dhu ;  
There's something in the deep-blue eye  
That makes me turn away and sigh,  
Then o'er the sea my heart will fly  
    To thee, Ma Colleen Dhu





## NELLIE MACHREE.

---

AIR—O'Donnell's.

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**S**WEETLY she sings at the evening's declining—  
Ever she sings the old songs of her land ;  
'Neath the white thorn I can see her reclining,  
Touching the harp with her light fairy hand.  
O'er the low breeze I hear  
Nellie's voice, soft and clear,  
Like whispers of love seems that dear voice to me ;  
Little birds hush their song,  
And round my darling throng,  
Charmed by the strains of sweet Nelly Machree !

Pure is her heart as the bright gushing fountain—  
The swan on the lake hath not bosom more fair ;  
Light is her step, as she trips over the mountain ;  
Radiant the waves of her bright flowing hair ;  
Eyes like the stars at night,  
Brow like the soft moonlight,  
Teeth that out-rival the pearls in the sea ;  
A soul where the thought of sin  
Never hath entered in ;  
*Peerless and beautiful Nellie Machree !*

We roamed hand-in-hand in the bright days of childhood,  
The same roof oft sheltered us both from the storm ;  
We gathered the blossoms that grew in the wild-wood,  
And sat down to rest 'neath the old haunted thorn.

Can I forget the past ?

Never while life doth last !

Still every day she grows dearer to me.

If o'er the seas I roam—

Far from my native home—

Still I'll remember thee, Nellie Machree !



## AN EXILE'S THOUGHTS.

It is many long years since I bade thee adieu,  
Dear home of my fathers—the fearless and true—  
Who braved every danger their country to free,  
To drive out the tyrant, dear Erin, from thee !

And often I wonder what changes have come  
To the darling old spot that I once called my home ;  
Are the hills still as green, and the meadows as gay ?  
And the friends of my young days—alas, where are they ?

Do warm hearts still gather around the turf fire ?  
Does the old love of freedom each spirit inspire ?  
Do the little ones flock round their fond mother's knee,  
To breathe forth a prayer, darling Erin, for thee ?

Does the peasant girl still sweetly warble thy songs ?  
Do the young cheeks grow pale as she sings of thy wrongs ?  
While stern lips re-echo the words of her lay,  
And bright eyes grow dim as the strain dies away ?

Do thy children, dear land, ever steal to the grave,  
Where rank grow the weeds, and the sad willows wave ?  
Do their tears softly flow o'er the martyr's cold breast,  
To hallow the spot where so calmly they rest ?

Yes, warm hearts still beat for thee, dear Innisfail,  
And still for thy sorrows thy children bewail !  
And still, thro' their tears, glows the patriot fire,  
To kindle the hopes that can never expire !

And they, the poor exiles, across the deep sea,  
Their loving hearts always turn fondly to thee ;  
Far, far, tho' their wandering footsteps may roam,  
Their hearts, dear Old Erin ! their hearts are at home !

